

# POLICE

AUGUST No. 69

COMICS 10¢



**CAN  
PLASTIC MAN  
OUTSTRETCH  
STRETCHO?**





## The image features a dense background collage of vintage comic book covers. Titles visible include "Supermouse", "JETTA", "MYSTERY COMICS", "FANTASTIC TALES", "COSMO CAT", "STARTLING COMICS", "STRANGE MYSTERIES", "DARING ADVENTURES", "FAMOUS FUNNIES", "HILARIOUS RAUCOUS", "TEEN-AGE SWEETHEART OF THE 21st CENTURY", "DUCK", "EERIE", "EXCITING COMICS", "CASPER CAT", "BARNYARD COMICS", and "STRANGE WORLDS". The covers depict various genres, including superhero action, mystery, humor, and science fiction. Overlaid on this collage is a large, dark purple speech bubble with a thick black outline. Inside the bubble, the text "WEB COMIC UNIVERSE.COM" is written in a bold, white, sans-serif font with a slight drop shadow effect.



FORMERLY MILITARY COMICS

# MODERN COMICS

THESE  
TITLES ARE TOPS!



LOOK FOR  
THE SEAL OF QUALITY



PACKED WITH

ACTION, LAUGHS AND THRILLS!

HIT  
COMICS

# NATIONAL COMICS

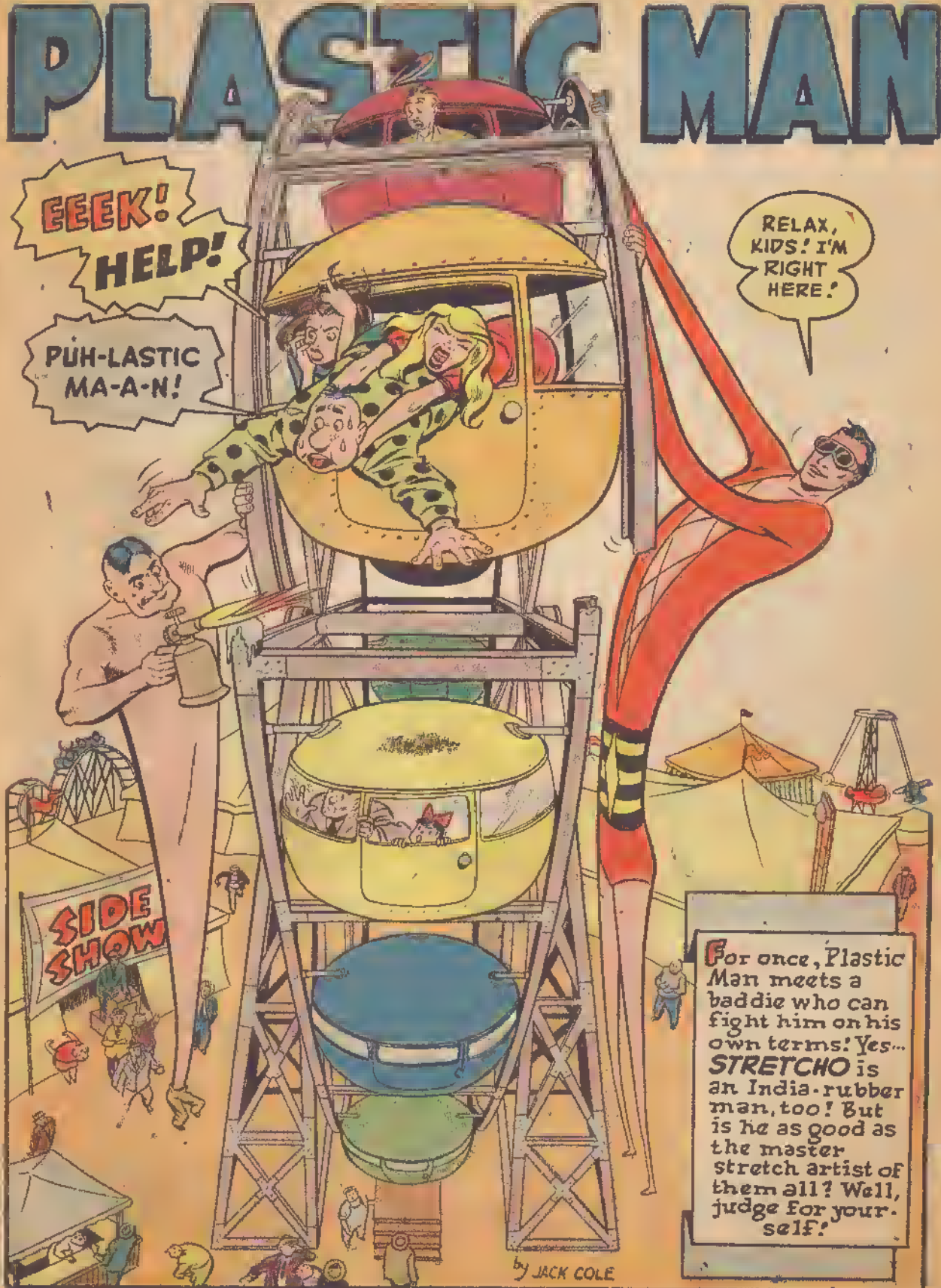
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# PLASTIC MAN

EEK!  
HELP!

PÜH-LASTIC  
MA-A-N!

RELAX,  
KIDS! I'M  
RIGHT  
HERE!



For once, Plastic Man meets a baddie who can fight him on his own terms! Yes... **STRETCHO** is an India-rubber man, too! But is he as good as the master stretch artist of them all? Well, judge for your self!

by JACK COLE

**I**n the warden's office at...



WELL, BOYS, YOU'VE BEEN WITH US A **LONG TIME!** I ALMOST HATE TO SEE YOU GO!

OH, WARDEN, BELIEVE US, ME AND REGGIE ALMOST HATE TO LEAVE!

CRIME RECORD OF MONK  
CRIME RECORD OF REGGIE  
FILE

ARSON

CAPTURED BY PLASTIC MAN

YEAH, HUH? WELL, PLASTIC MAN PUT YOU HERE ONCE BEFORE AND UNLESS YOU BEHAVE YOURSELVES, HE'LL DO IT AGAIN! SO, IF YOU REALLY LIKED IT HERE, JUST START ANNOYING HIM!

BUT, WARDEN, ME AND MONK DON'T LIKE IT HERE **THAT MUCH!**

I THOUGHT NOT! IN THAT CASE, GO STRAIGHT! UNDERSTAND?

SURE! SURE! YOU TOOK THE WORDS OUT OF OUR MOUTHS!

BESIDES, WE **LIKE** PLASTIC MAN! WE WOULDN'T DO ANYTHING TO OFFEND HIM!

UNLESS Y'CALL A LITTLE THING LIKE CUTTIN' HIS THROAT OFFENDING HIM!

AW, REGGIE! CAN'T WE DO SOMETHING JUST A LITTLE MORE PAINFUL?

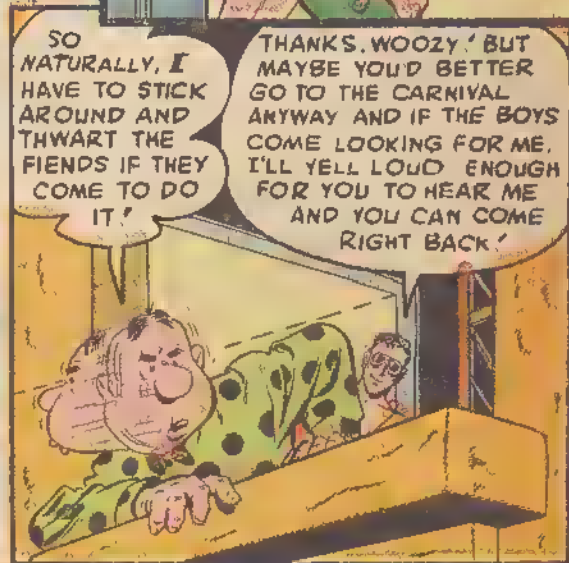
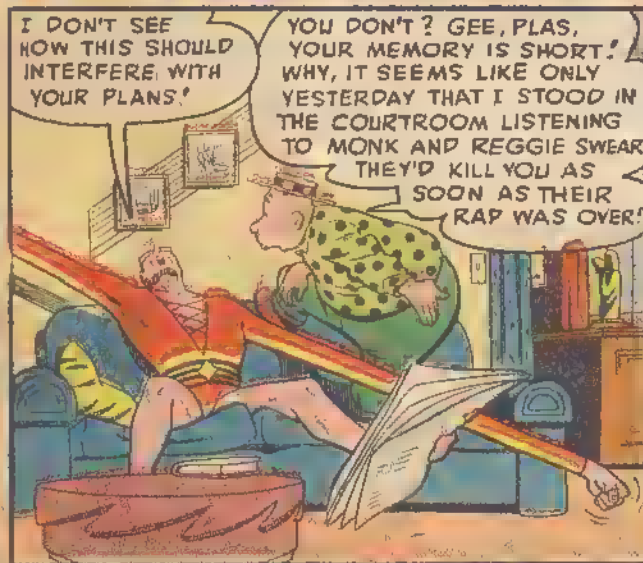
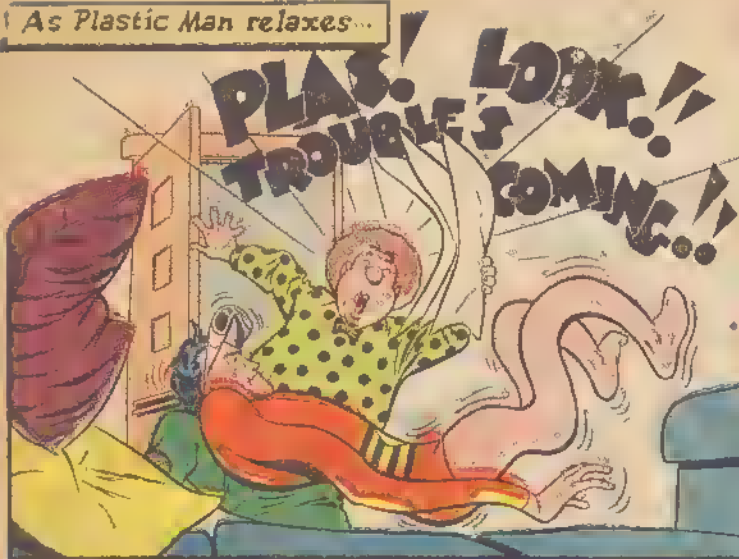
MONK, WITH A CHARACTER AS TOUGH AS PLASTIC MAN, Y'GOTTA BE SATISFIED WITH A NICE, SIMPLE PIECE OF REVENGE! SURE, IT'D BE WONDERFUL TO CUT HIM UP INTO LITTLE QUARTER INCH CHUNKS, BUT Y'CAN'T HAVE EVERYTHING!

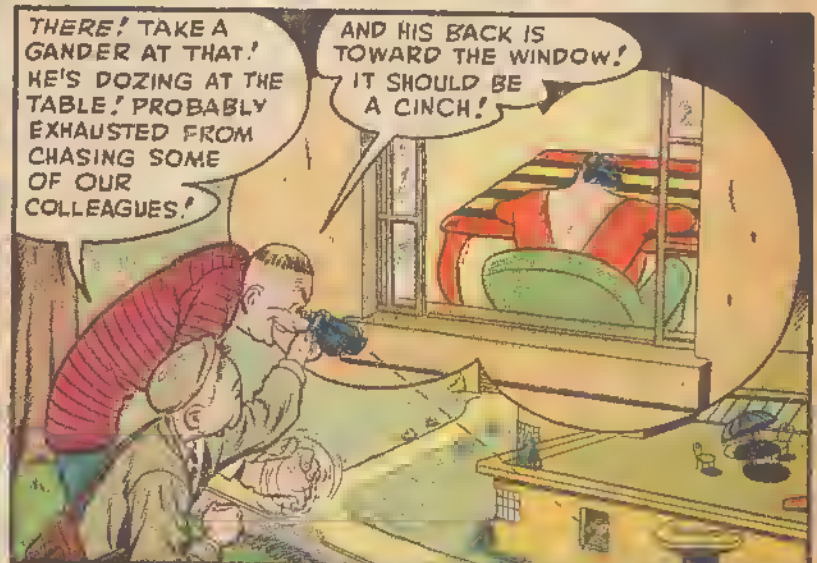
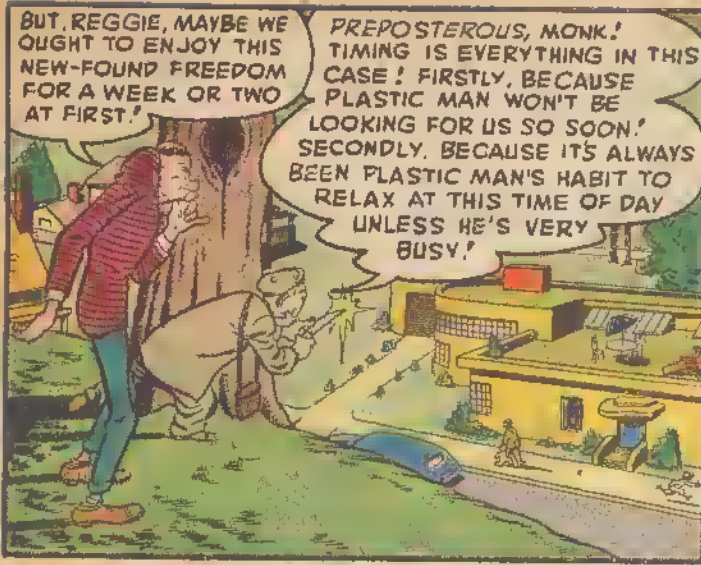
GOSH! WE ALMOST MISSED YOU, BOYS! WHAT ARE YOUR PLANS?

JUST SAY PLASTIC MAN HAS MADE US SEE THE ERROR OF OUR WAYS AND NOW WE'RE OUT TO MAKE AN HONEST STAKE!

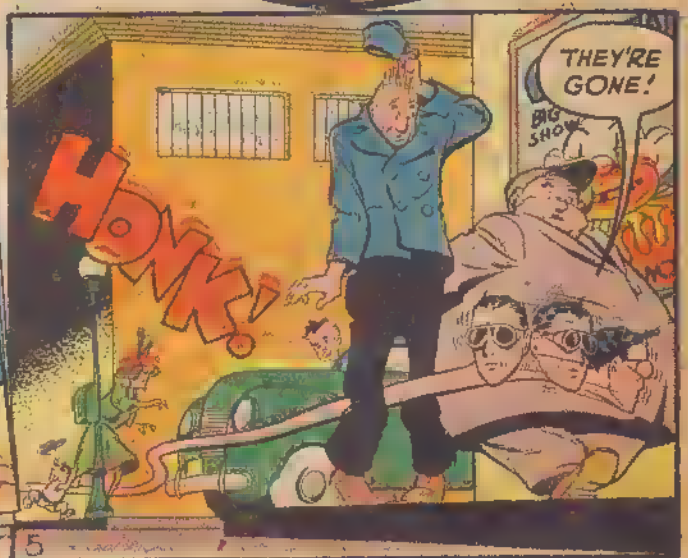
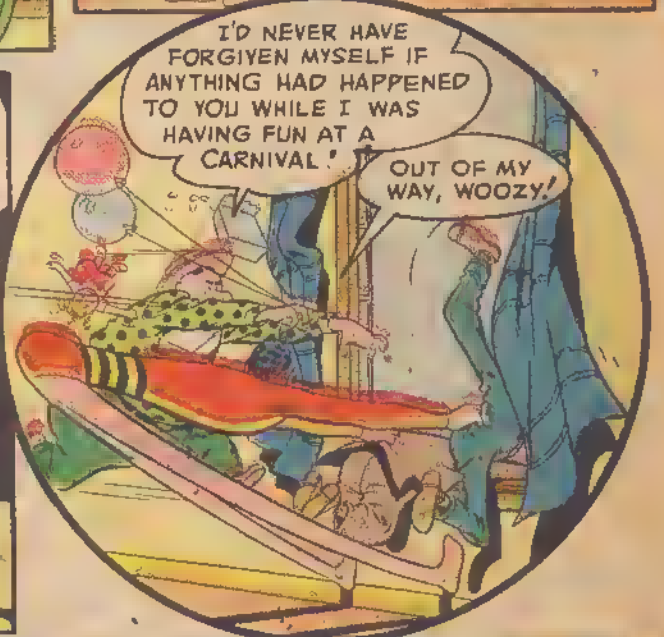
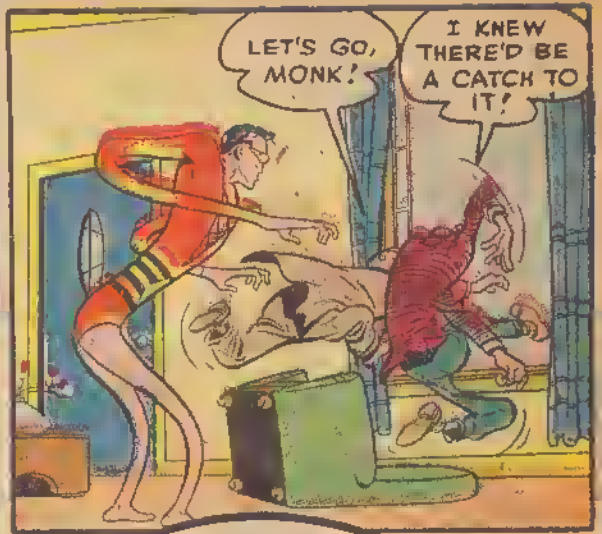
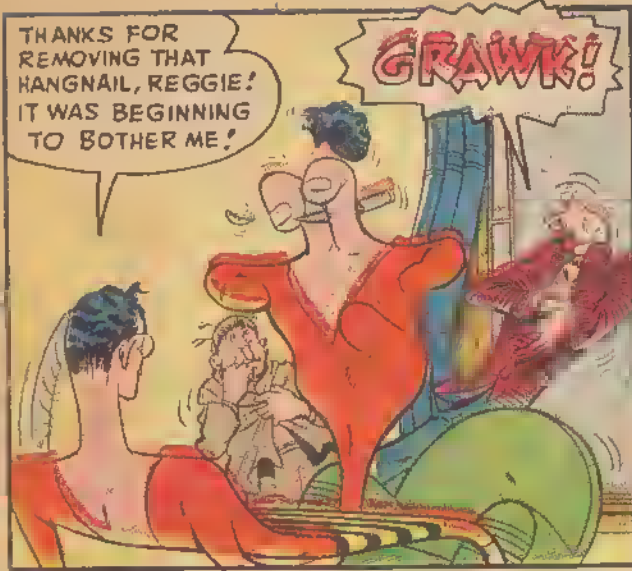


As Plastic Man relaxes...

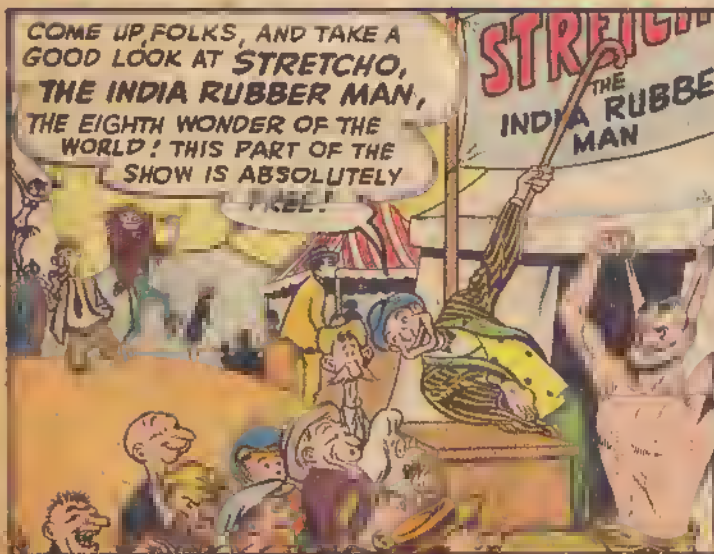
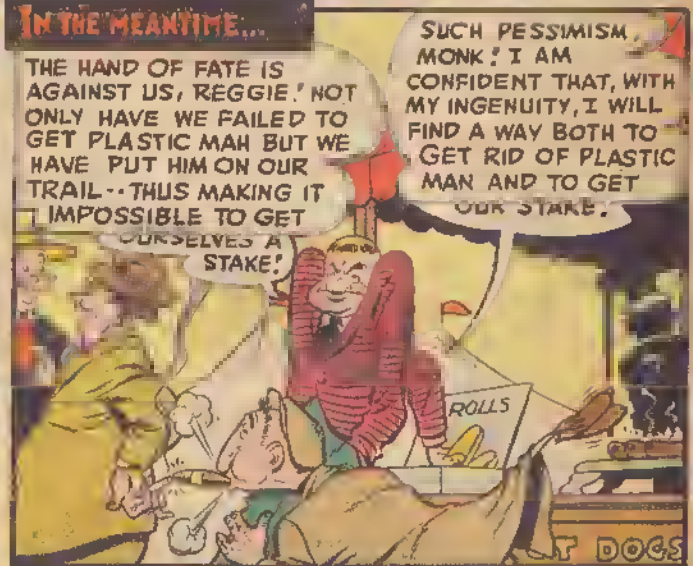




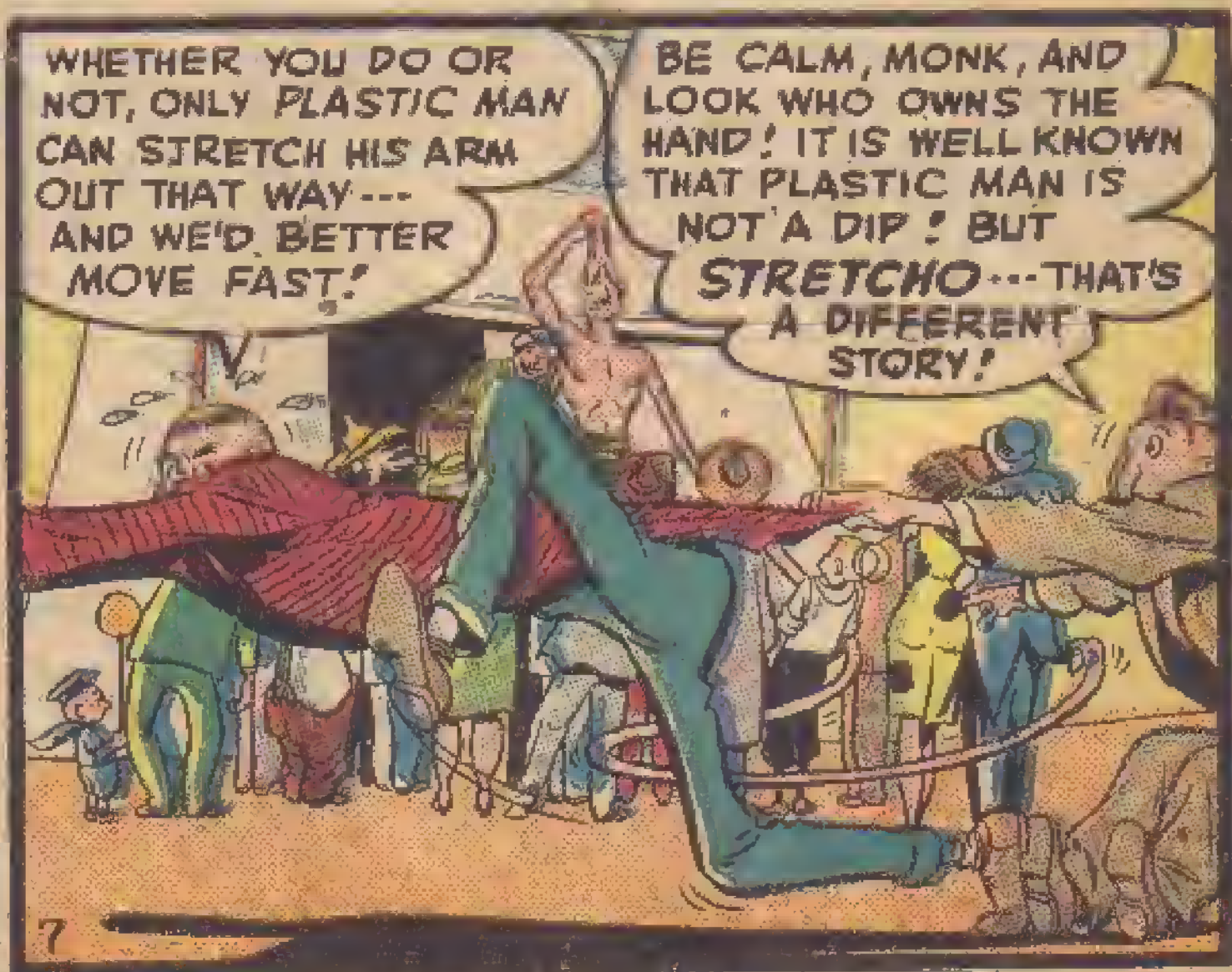
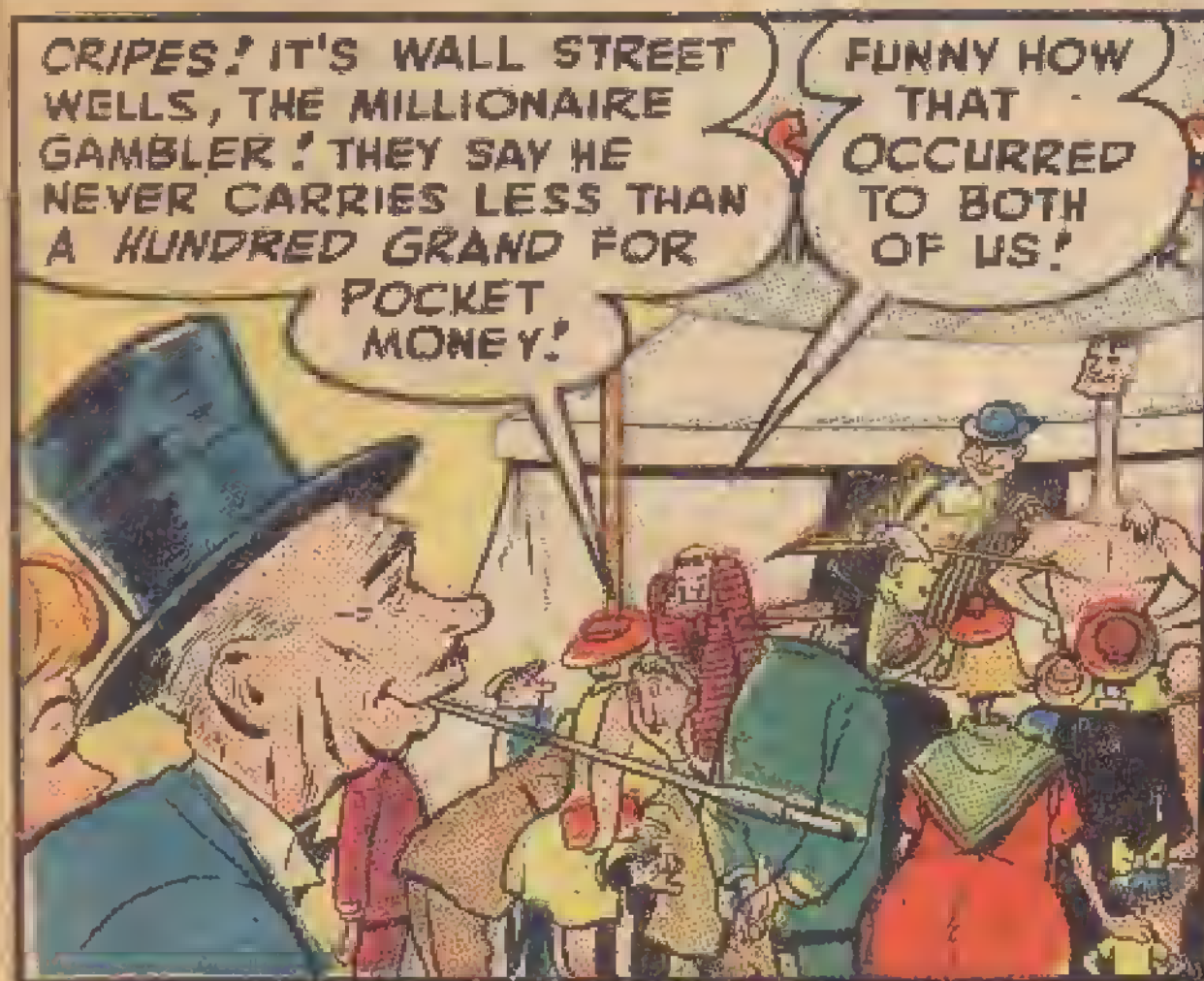
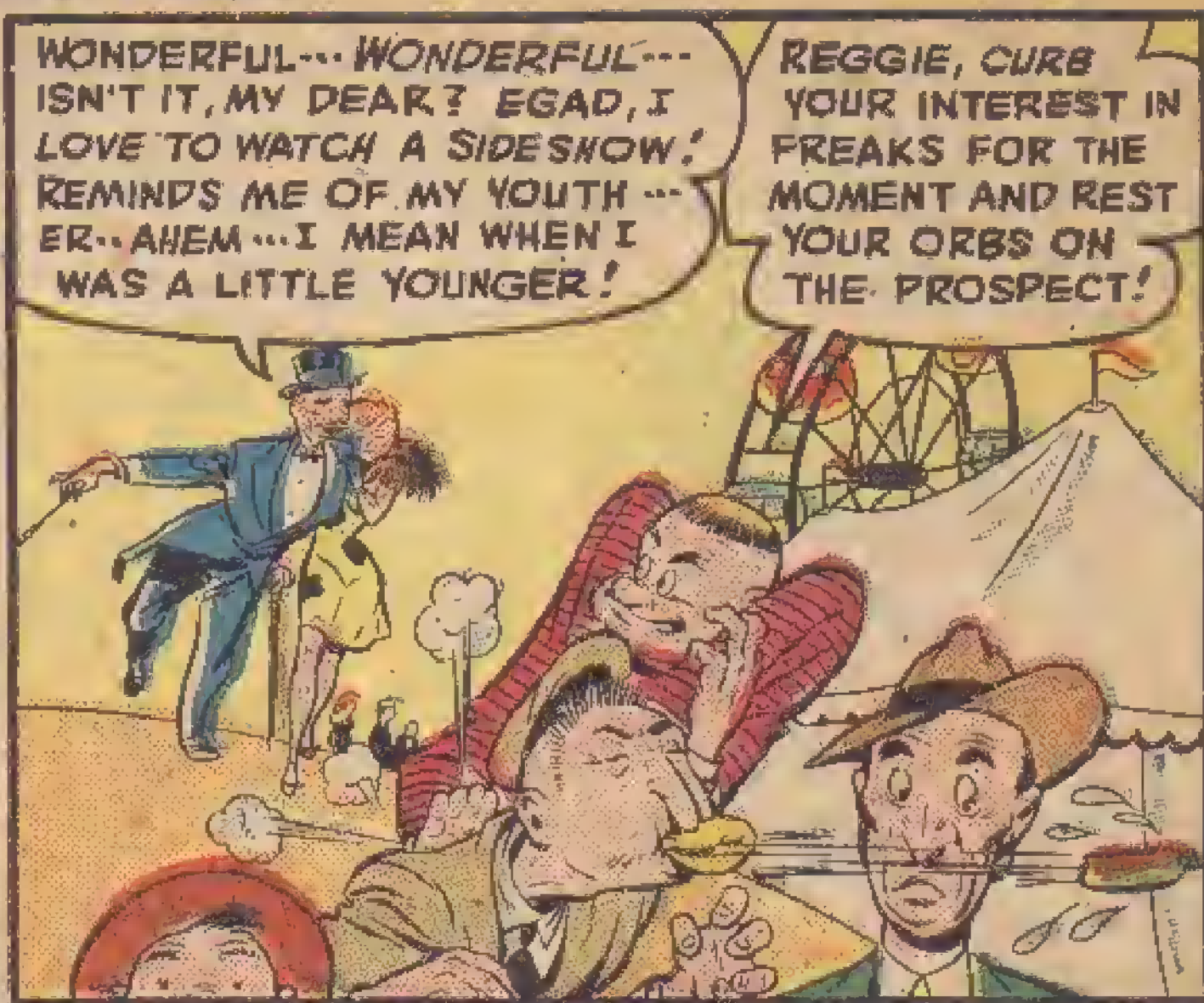
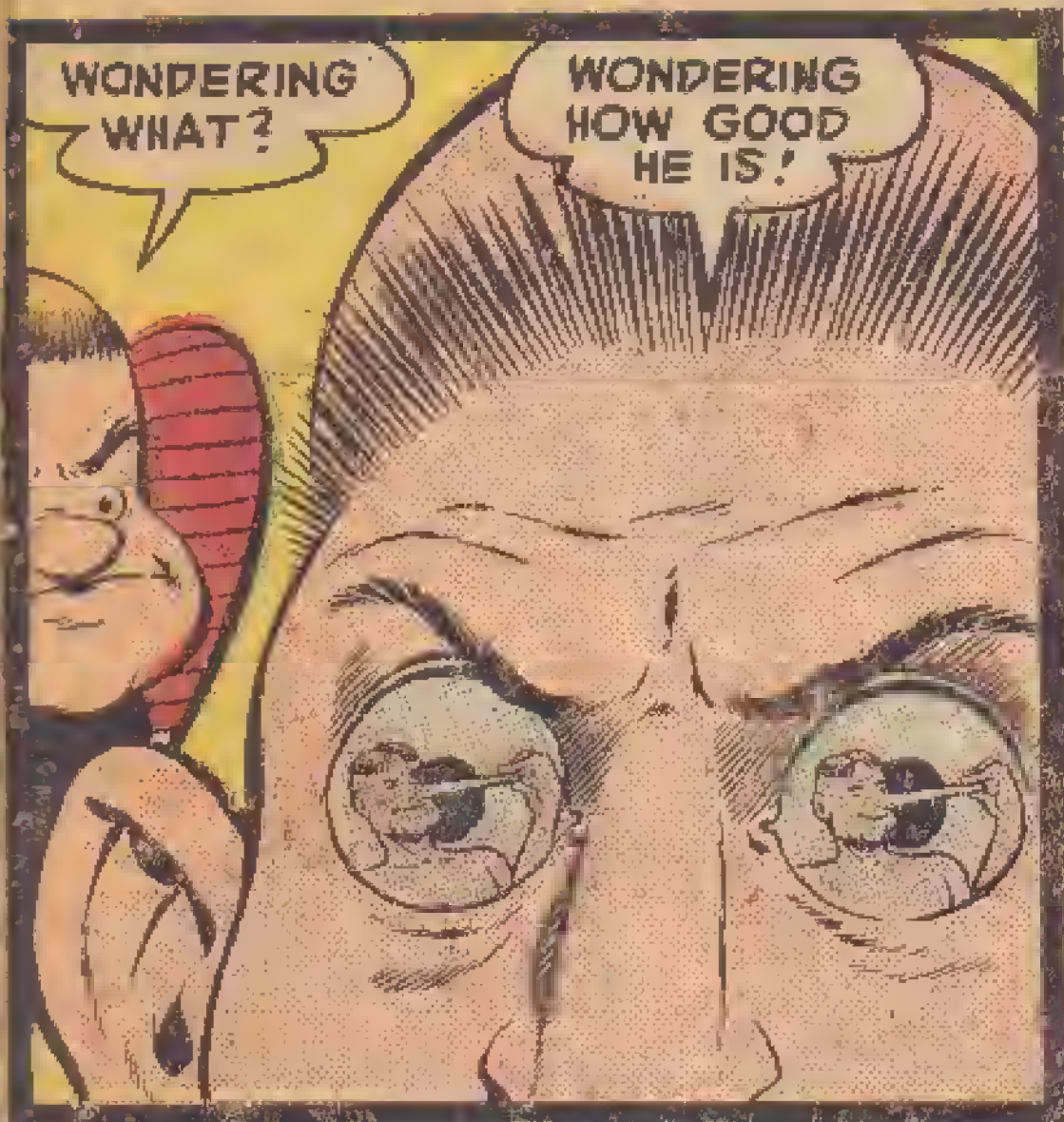




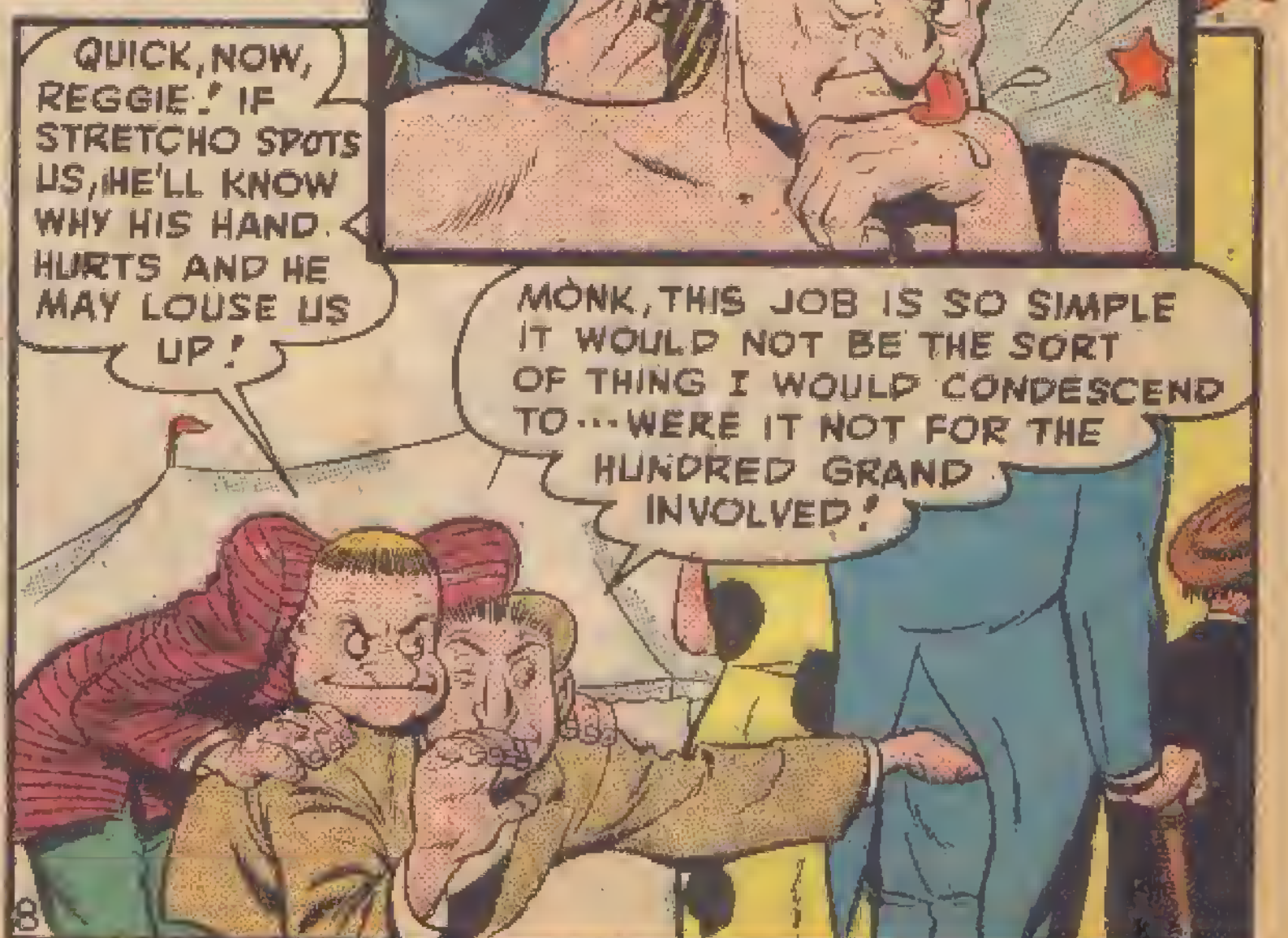
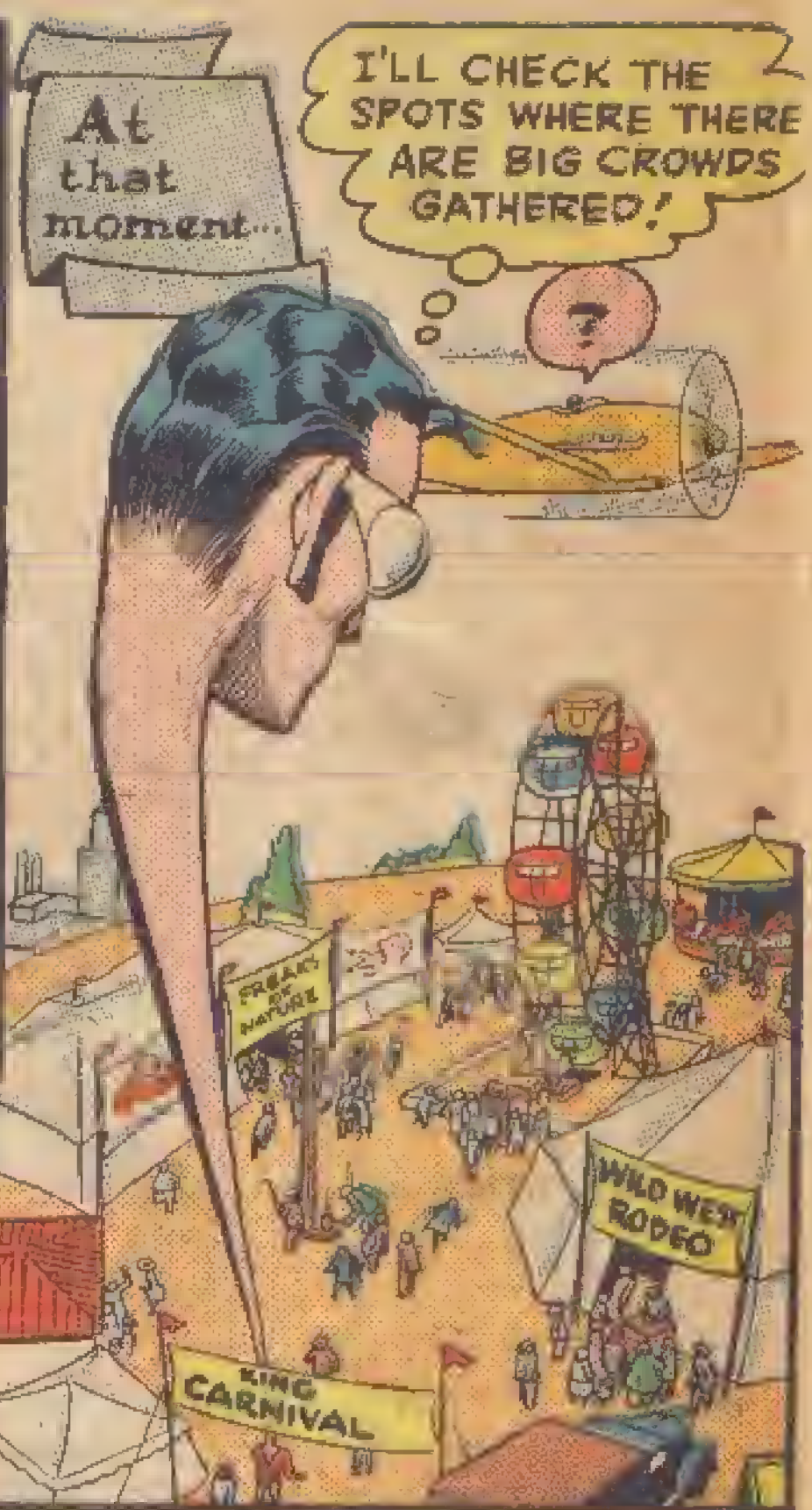
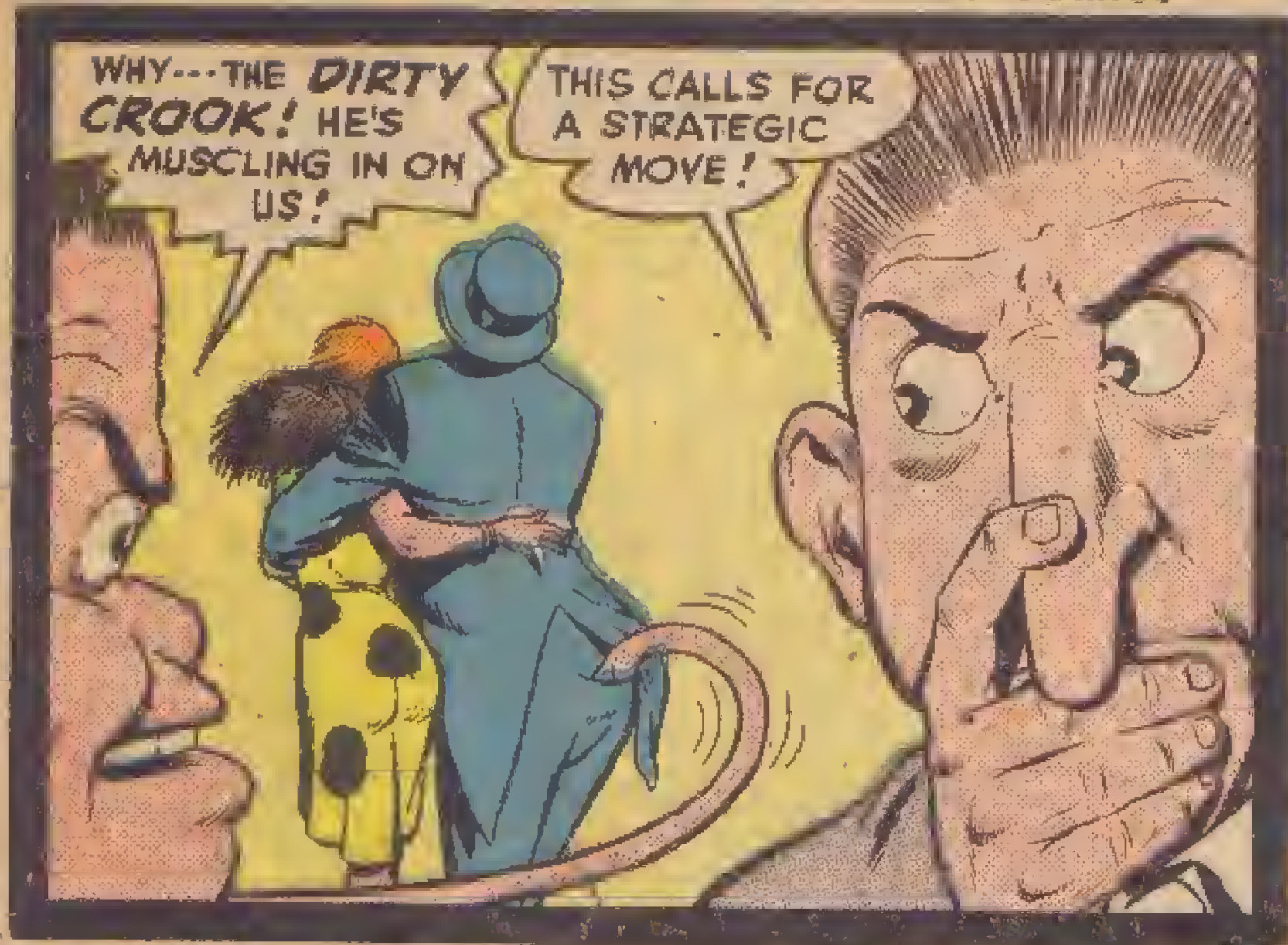




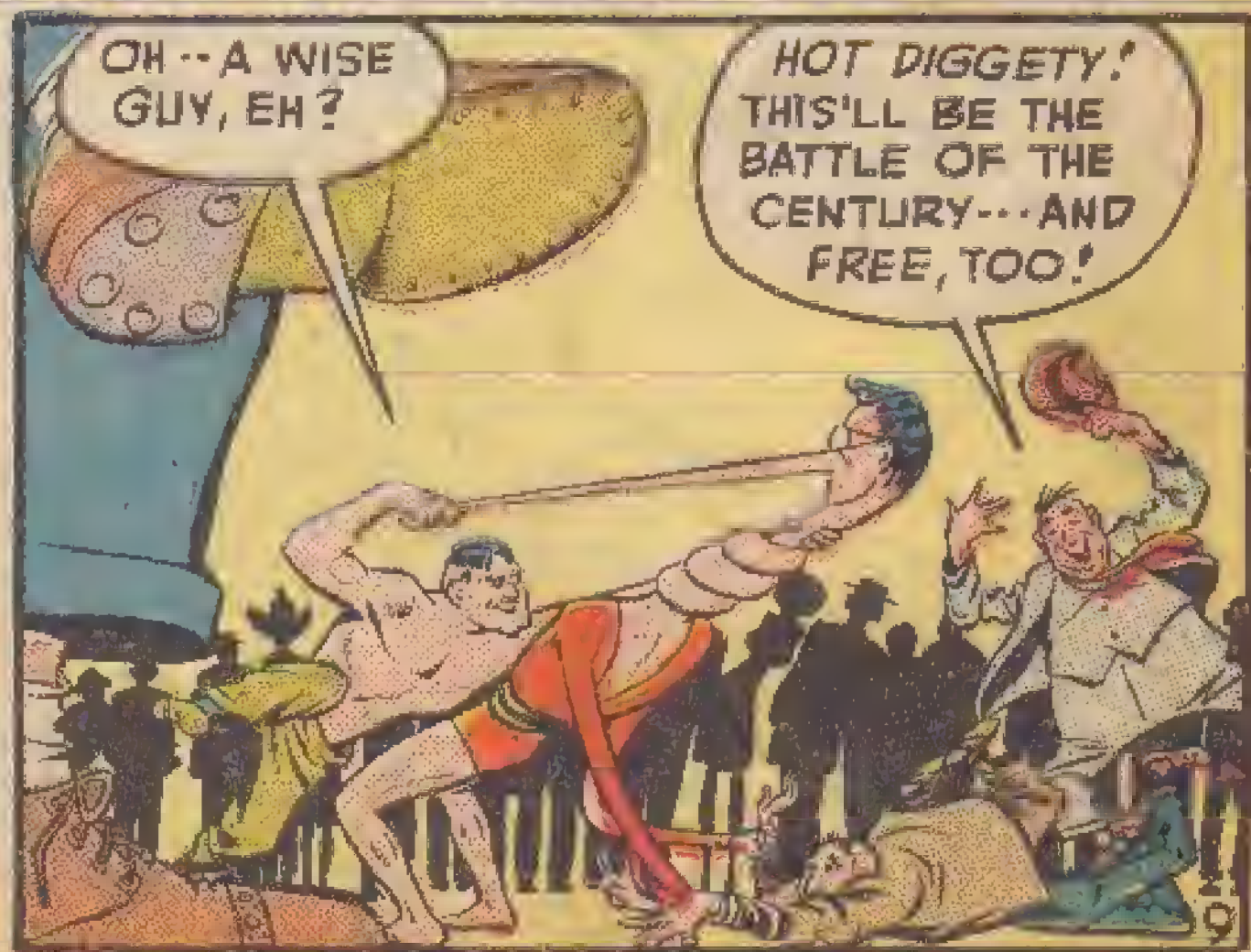
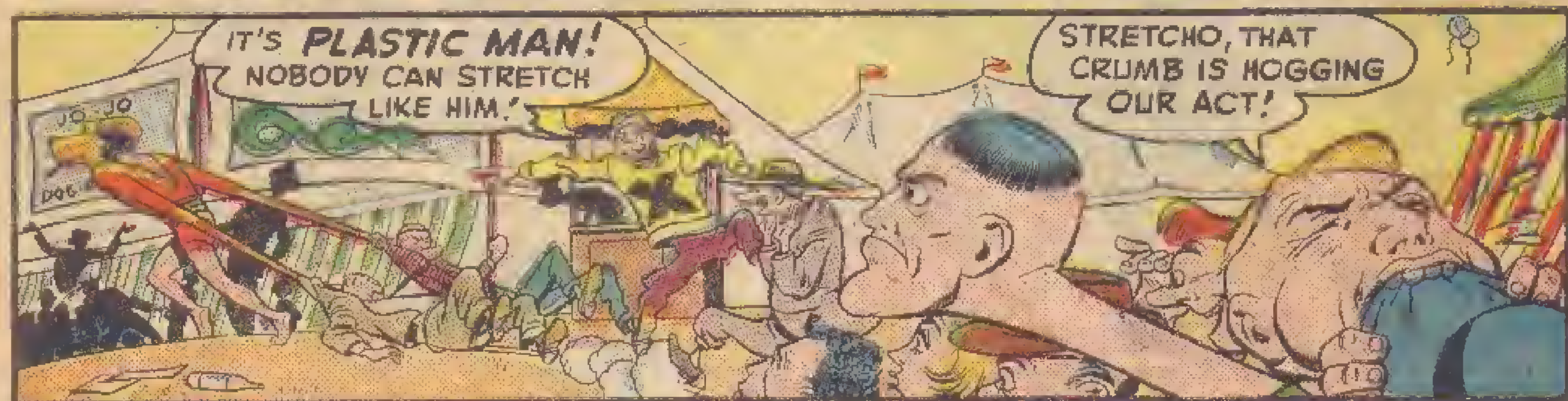
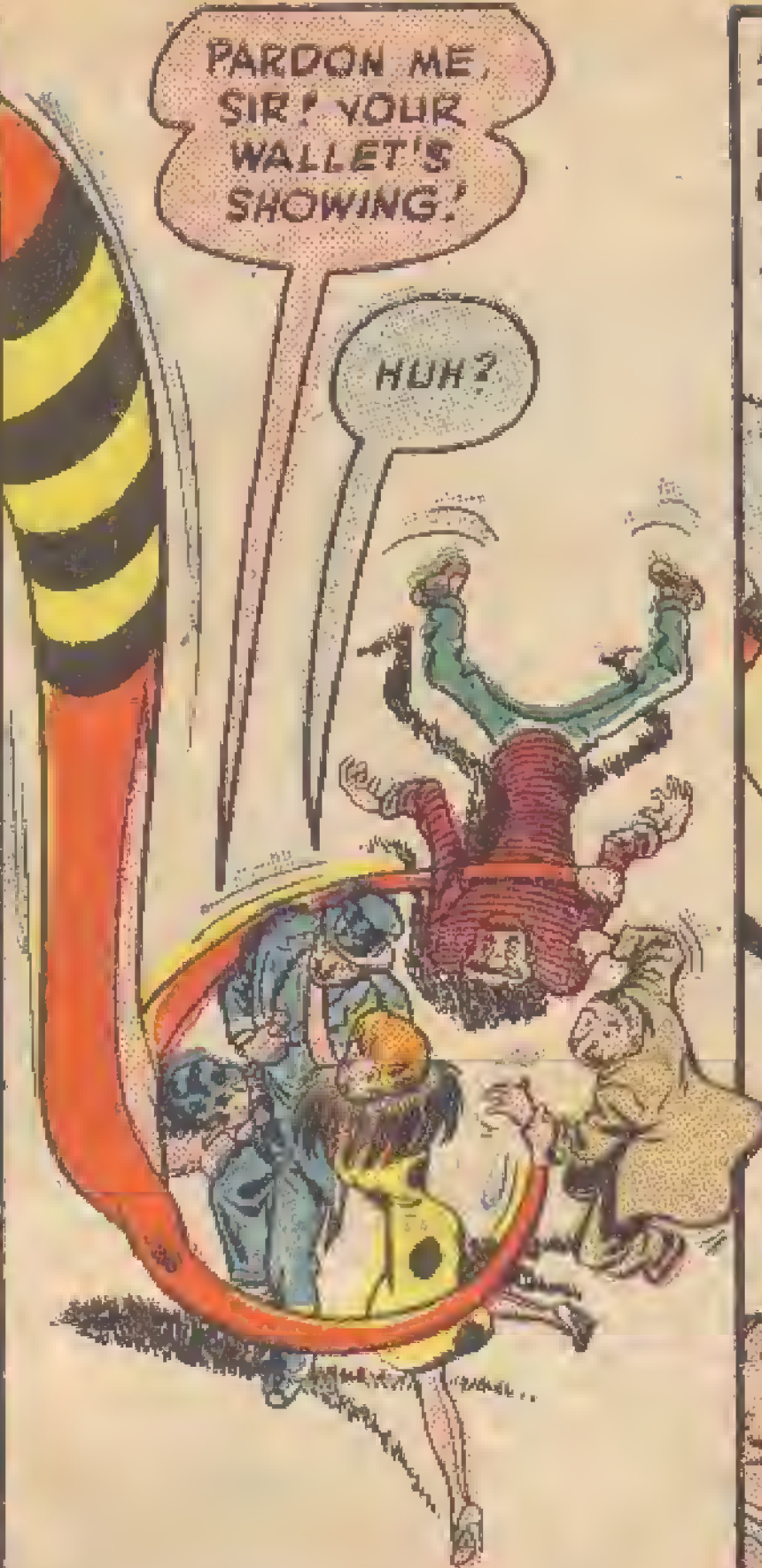




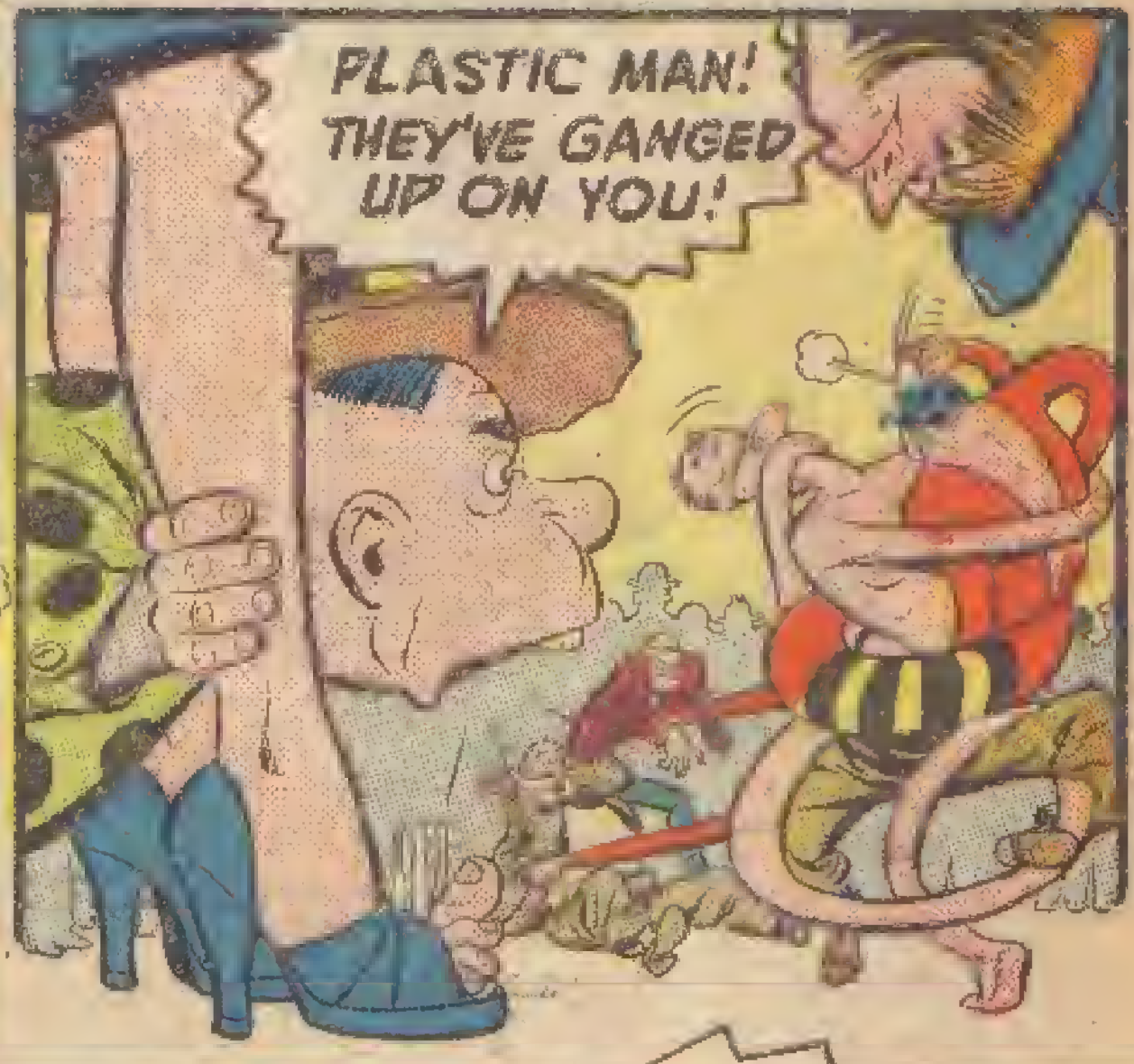
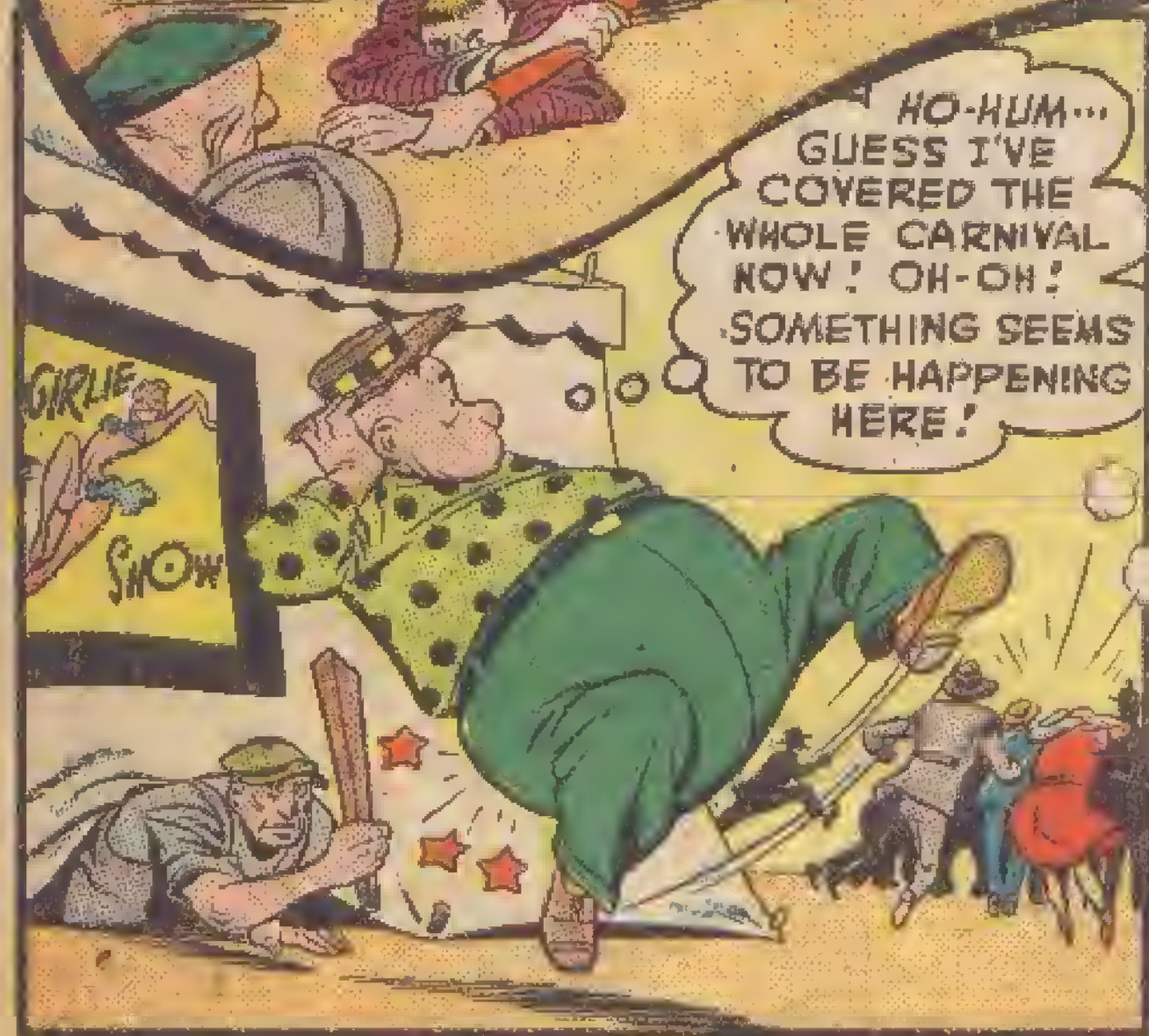




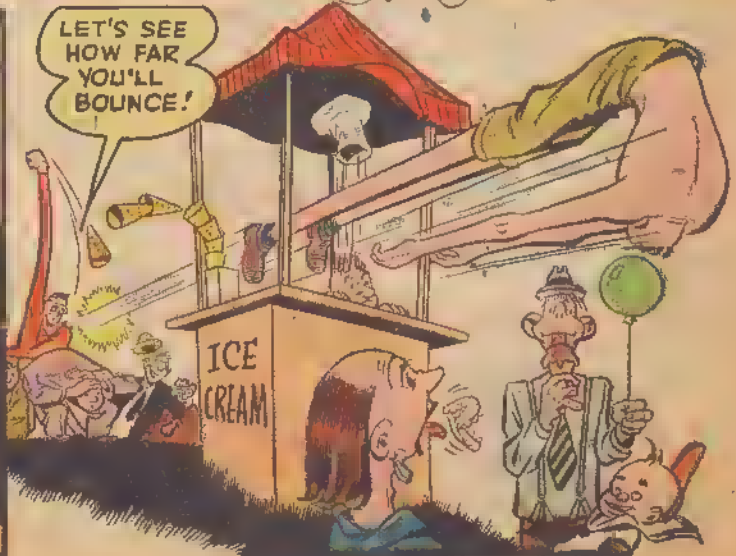
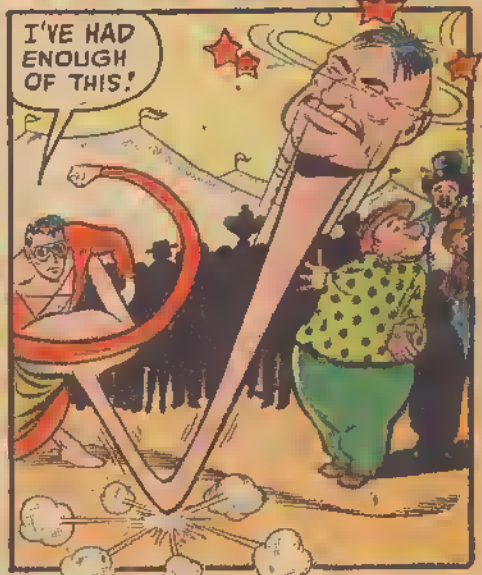
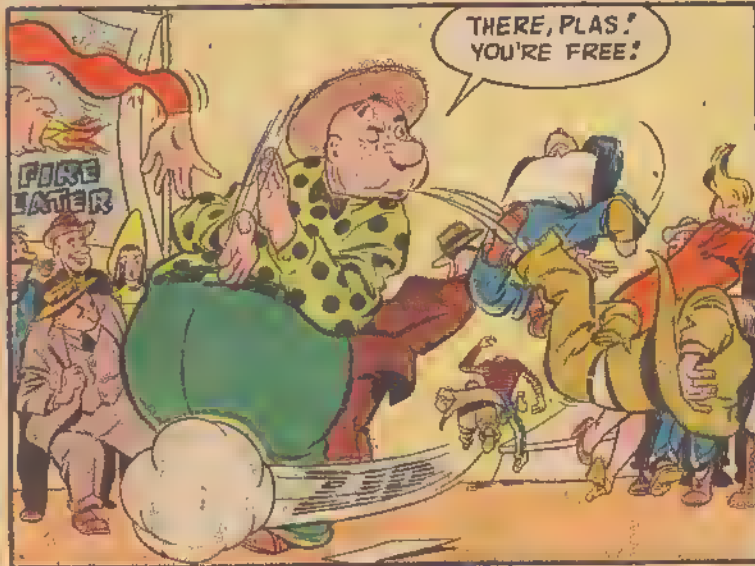
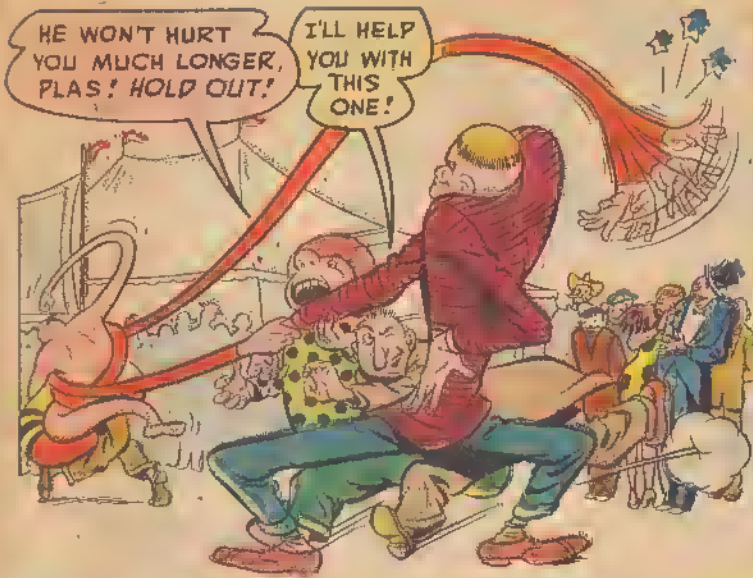












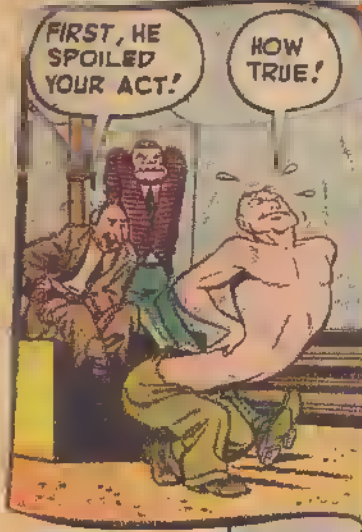
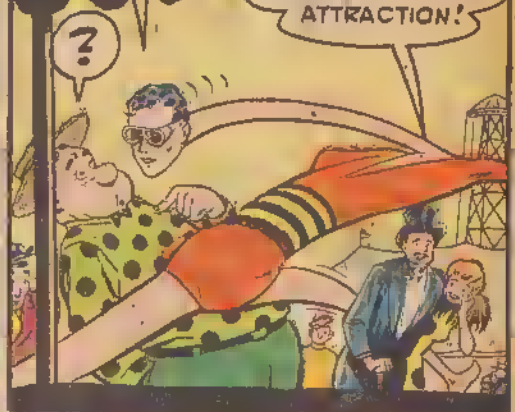




GREETINGS!

YOU NUMBSKULL!  
YOU MADE ME  
LOSE THEM  
AGAIN!

EXCITING, WASN'T  
IT? BUT I DON'T  
THINK THERE'LL BE  
ANY MORE! LET'S  
LOOK FOR ANOTHER  
ATTRACTION!



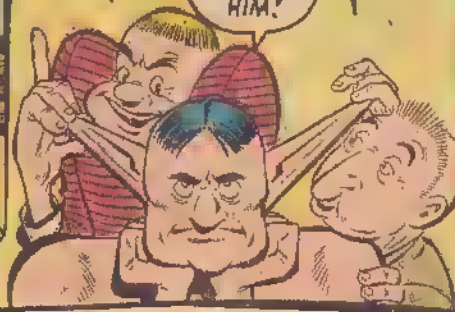
FIRST, HE  
SPOILED  
YOUR ACT!

HOW  
TRUE!

SECOND, HE  
STOPPED YOU  
FROM ATTACHING  
YOURSELF TO  
A HUGE  
BANKROLL!

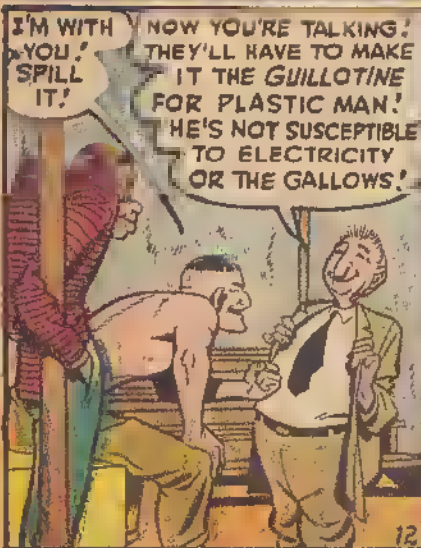
THIRD, HE BEAT  
YOU UP AND  
HUMILIATED  
YOU IN PUBLIC!

THAT  
HE DID,  
BLAST  
HIM!



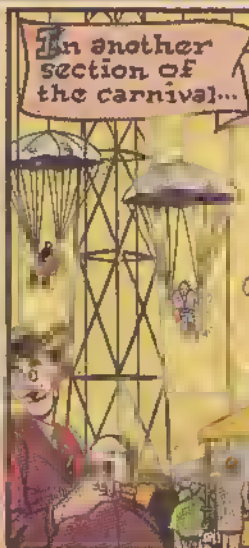
ARE YOU GOING  
TO TAKE IT LYING  
DOWN OR WILL YOU  
JOIN US IN A PLAN  
TO MAKE THE  
THREE OF US  
RICH AND SEND  
PLASTIC MAN TO  
HIS DOOM?

AFTER ALL,  
WALL  
STREET  
WELLS  
CARRIES  
ENOUGH  
FOR THE  
THREE OF  
US TO  
SHARE!



I'M WITH  
YOU!  
SPILL  
IT!

NOW YOU'RE TALKING!  
THEY'LL HAVE TO MAKE  
IT THE GUILLOTINE  
FOR PLASTIC MAN!  
HE'S NOT SUSCEPTIBLE  
TO ELECTRICITY  
OR THE GALLOWS!



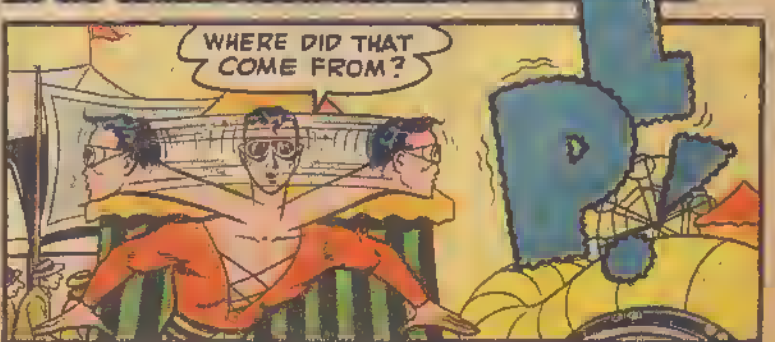
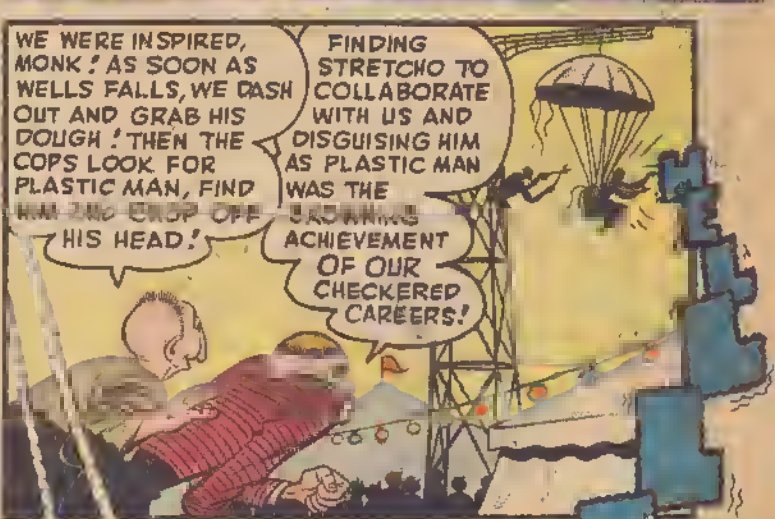
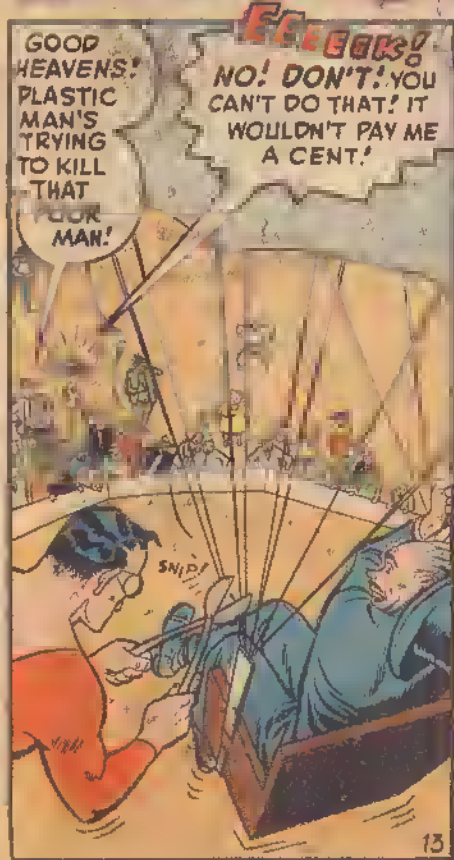
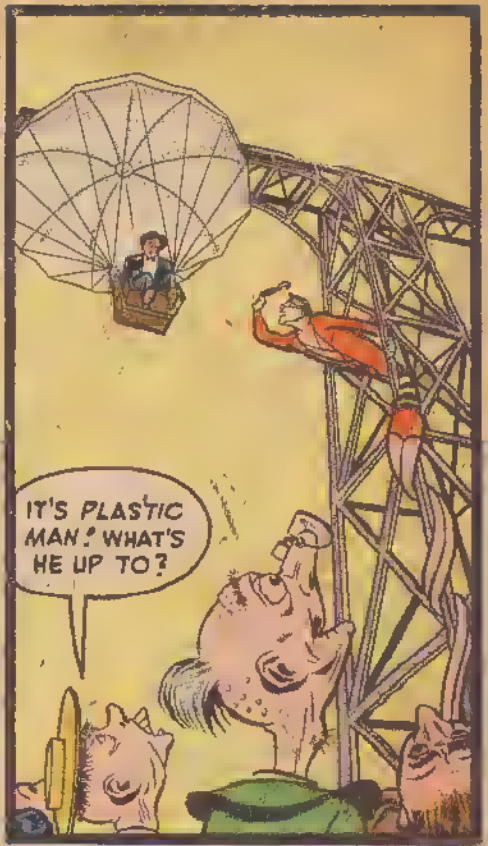
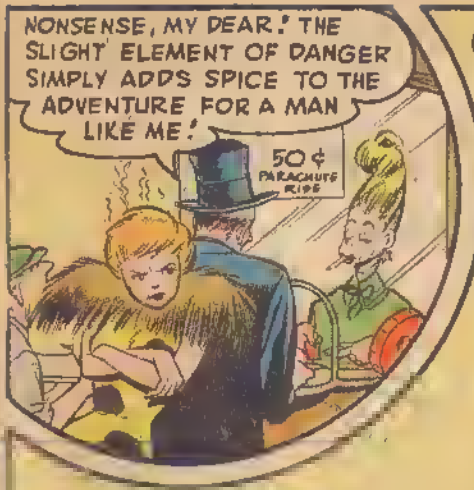
In another  
section of  
the carnival...

LOOK! A  
PARACHUTE  
JUMP! THAT'S  
FOR ME!

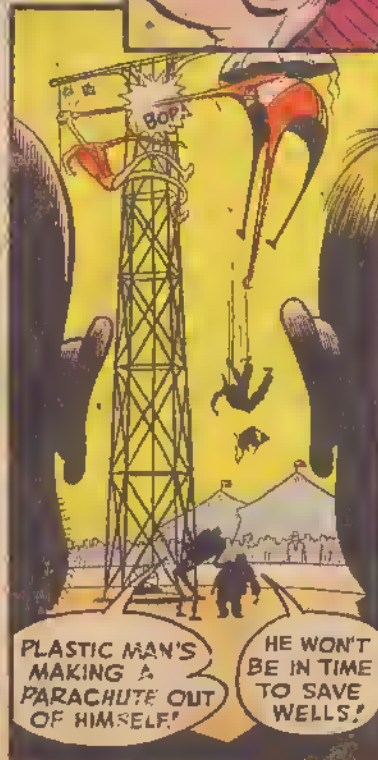
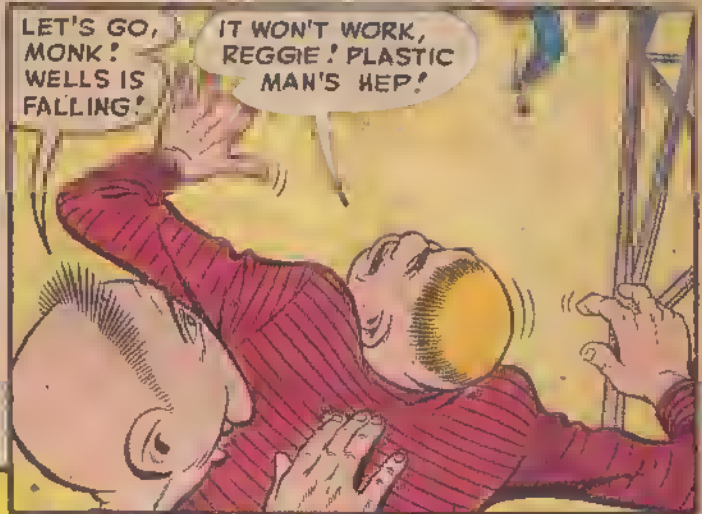
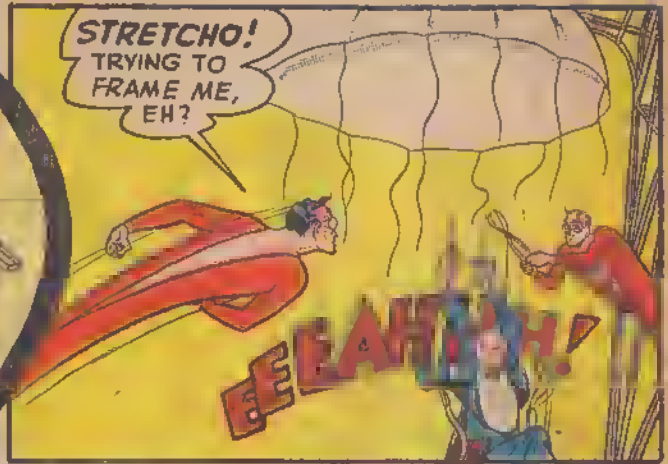
BUT DARLING, ISN'T IT  
DANGEROUS? YOU  
HAVEN'T MADE ME THE  
BENEFICIARY ON YOUR  
POLICIES YET... ER...  
GULP! I MEAN I'D  
SIMPLY DIE IF ANY-  
THING HAPPENED  
TO YOU!



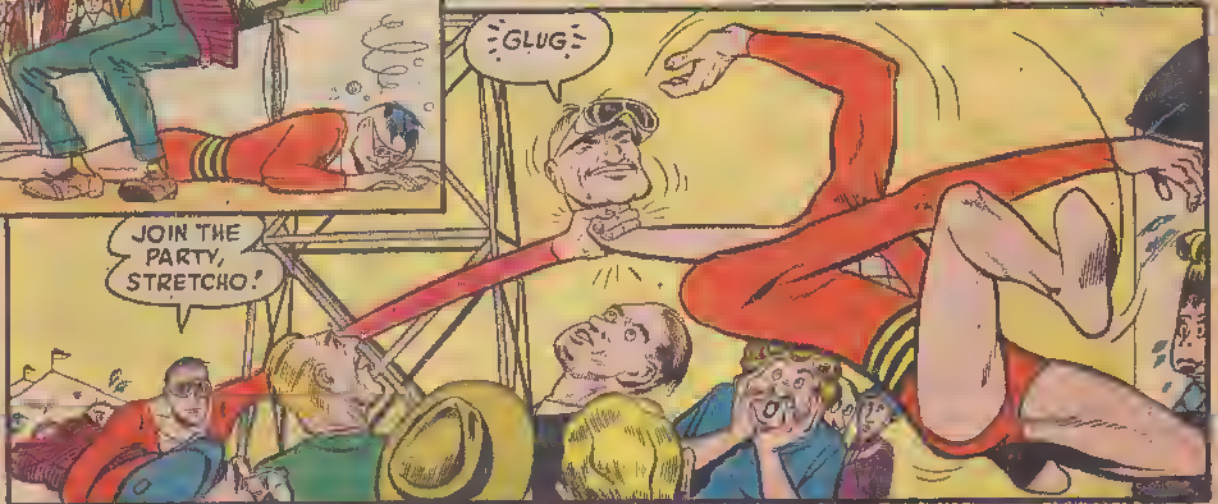
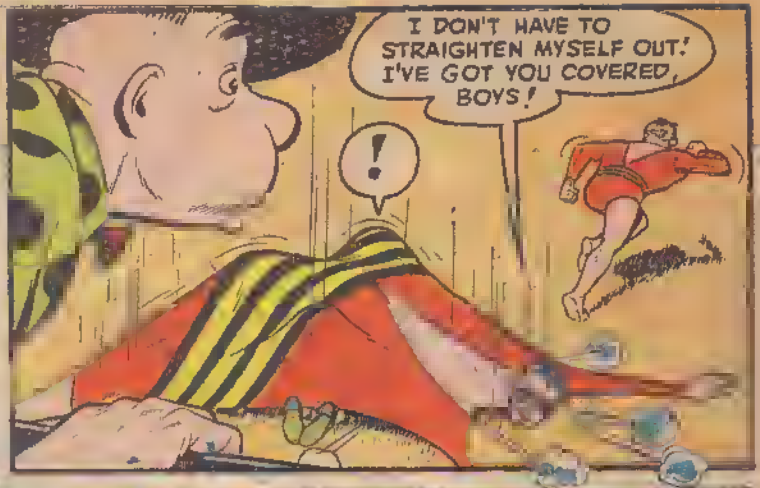
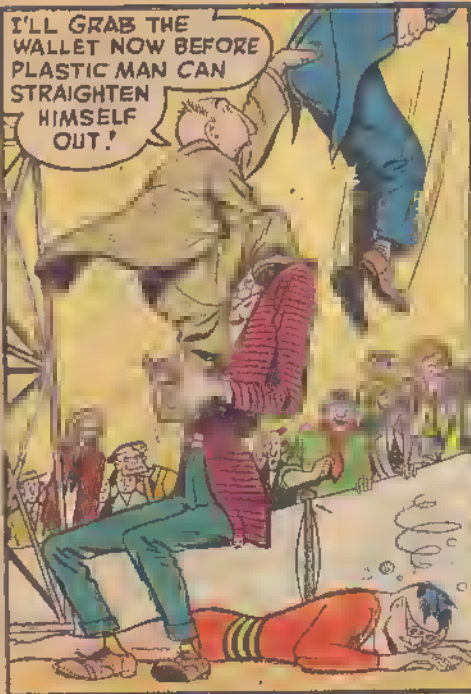














# MANHUNTER

It shouldn't happen to a *DOG* --- and it **DOESN'T!** The dog is **THOR**, Manhunter's great partner in his war against crime --- and this fighting pair sees to it that **PLENTY** happens to those who defy the law!



The manager of the ELITE JEWELRY STORE suddenly hears

SHOTS! WHAT'S HAPPENING OUT IN FRONT?

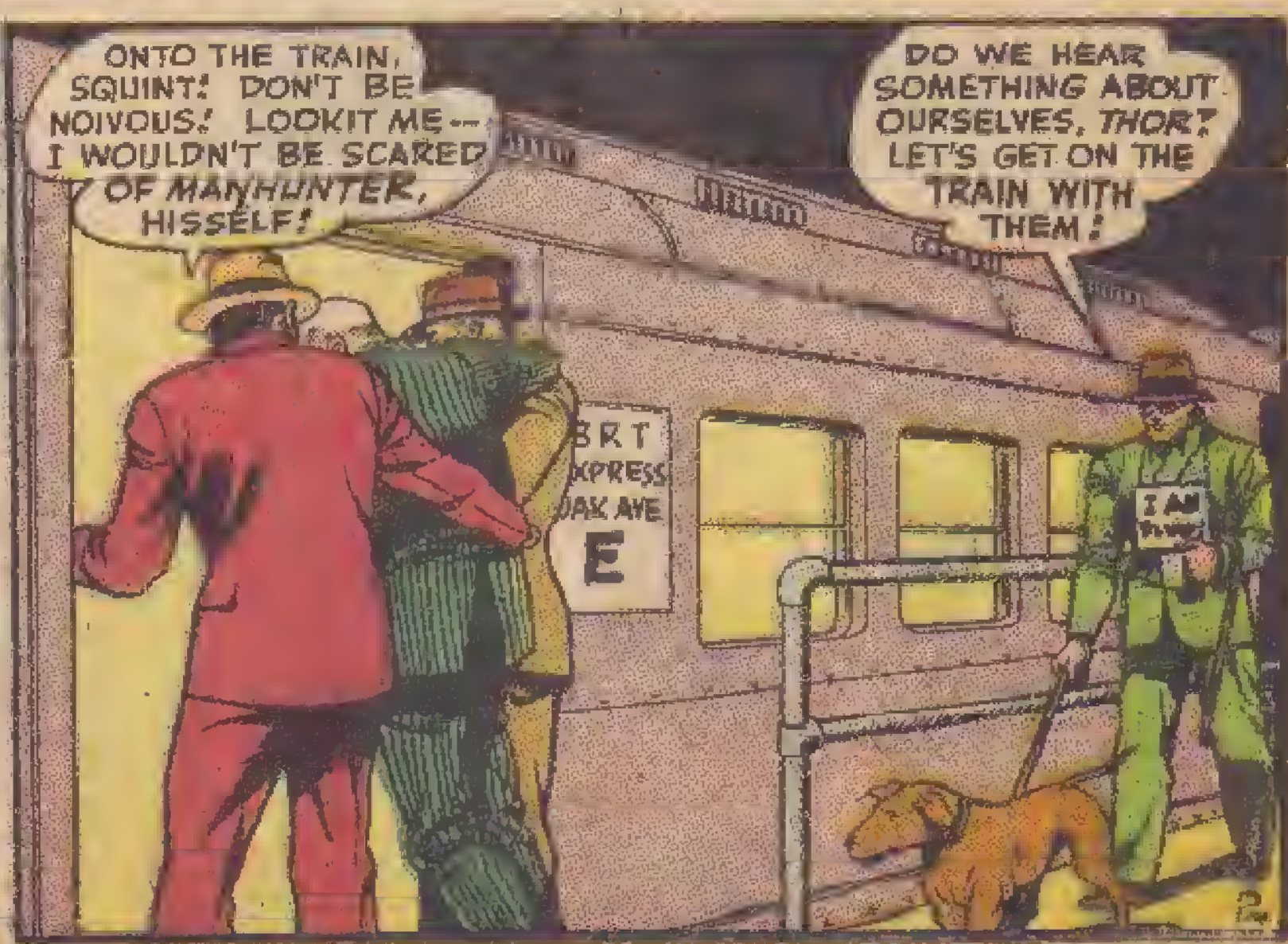
**BANG!**  
**BANG!**

THE VAN CLOUGH TIARA --- IT'S GONE FROM THE SHOW CASE! AND WHERE'S JIM MARTIN?

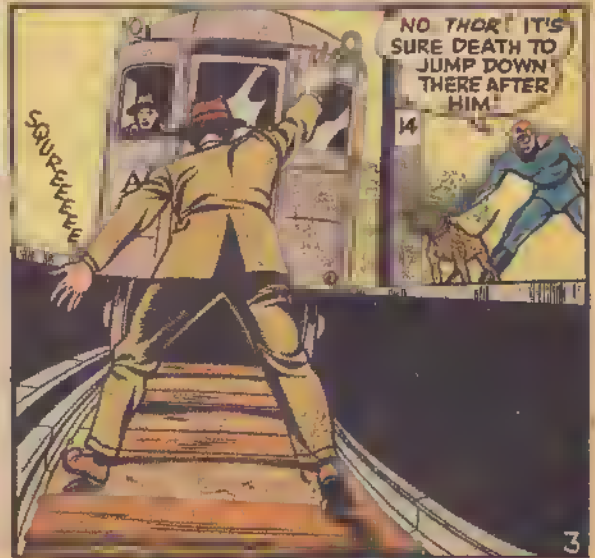
I'M OFFICER DAN RICHARDS! I HEARD SHOTS IN HERE, DIDN'T I?



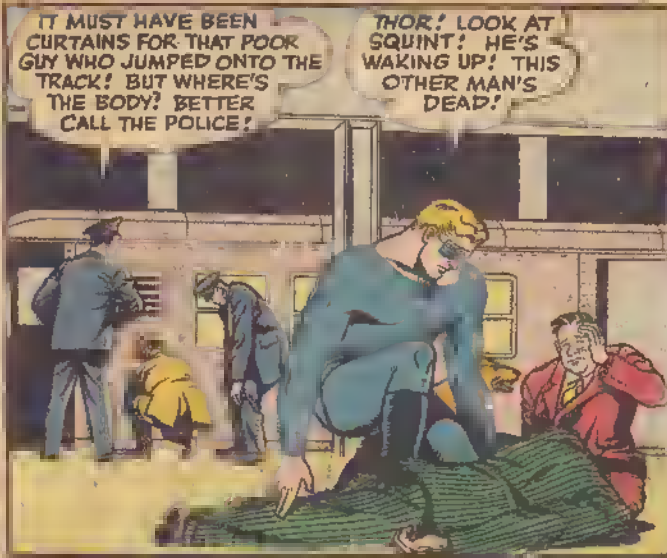










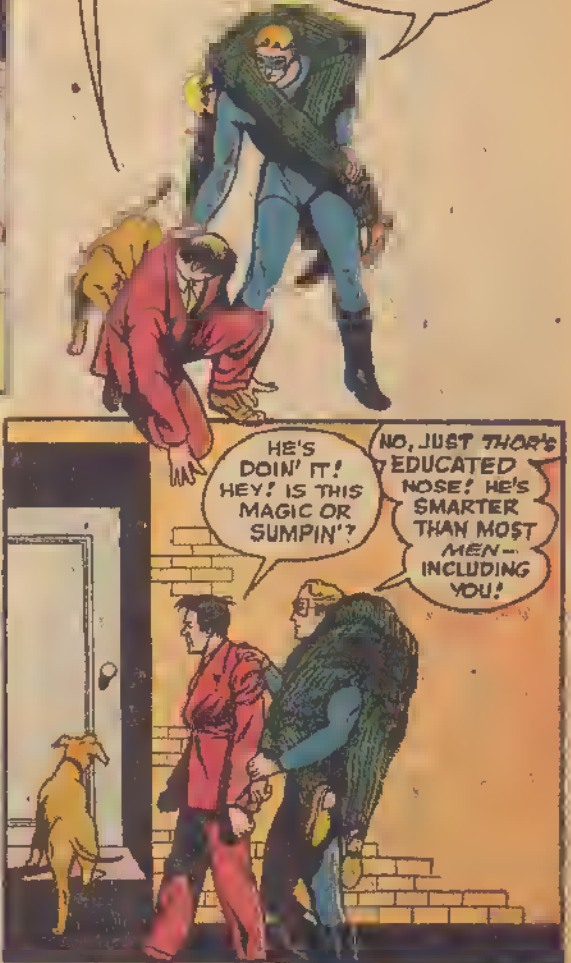


IT MUST HAVE BEEN CURTAINS FOR THAT POOK GUY WHO JUMPED ONTO THE TRACK! BUT WHERE'S THE BODY? BETTER CALL THE POLICE!

THOR! LOOK AT SQUINT! HE'S WAKING UP! THIS OTHER MAN'S DEAD!

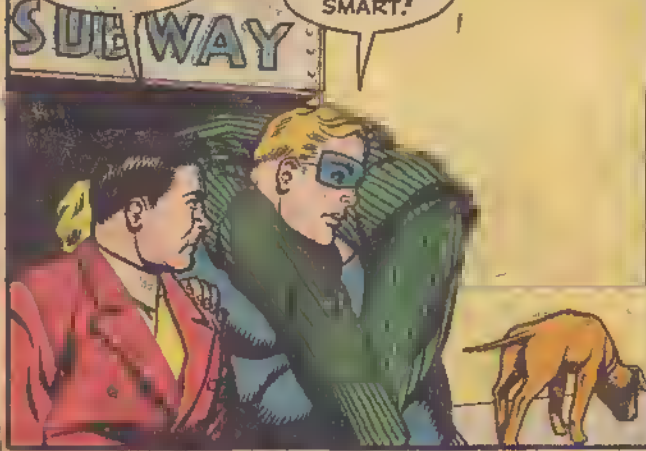
OKAY, SO YOU GOT ME! BUT YOU WON'T MAKE ME TALK!

TAKE A GOOD SNIFF AT HIM, THOR, AND THEN TRY TO PICK UP HIS SCENT! HE'S PROBABLY TRAVELLED THIS ROUTE BEFORE!



YOU MEAN HE CAN PICK UP A TRAIL I LEFT A DAY AGO?

RIGHT!... OR A WEEK AGO! THOR'S SMART!



HE'S DOIN' IT! HEY! IS THIS MAGIC OR SUMPIN'?

NO, JUST THOR'S EDUCATED NOSE! HE'S SMARTER THAN MOST MEN--INCLUDING YOU!



LEAN ON THAT DOORBELL, YOU! AND HARD!

IS THAT YOU, SQUINT? YOU DON'T HAVE TO RING THE BELL OFF THE DOOR!

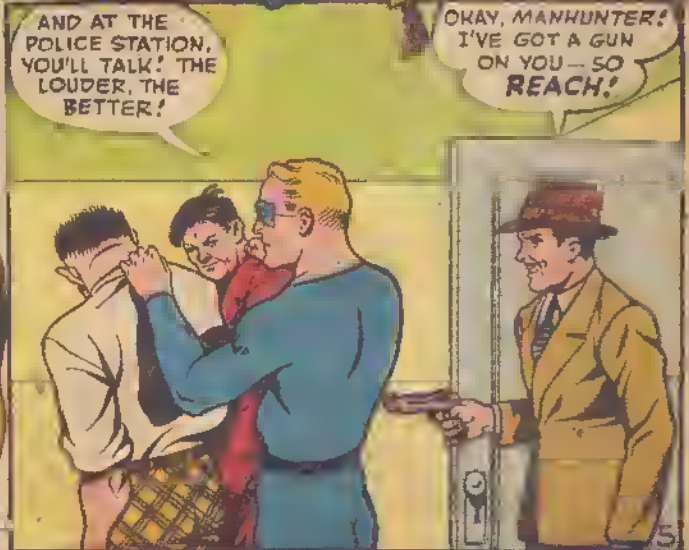
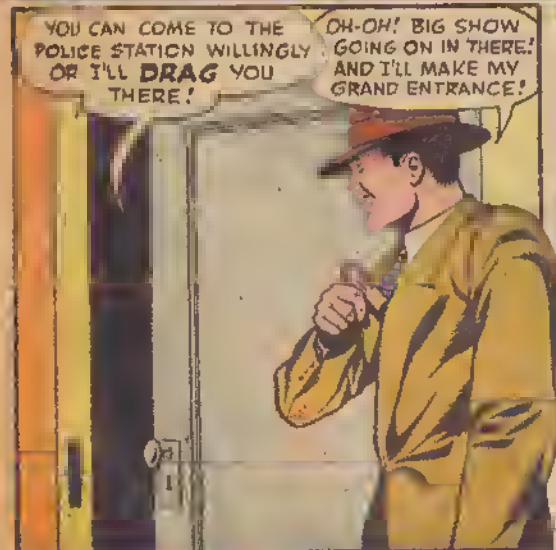
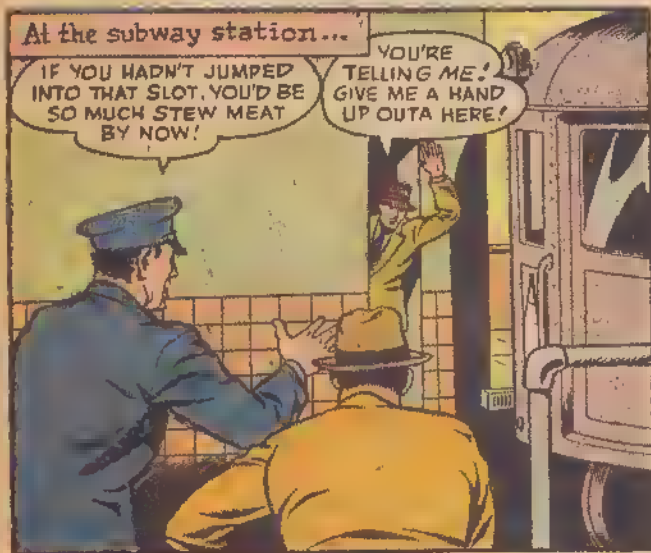
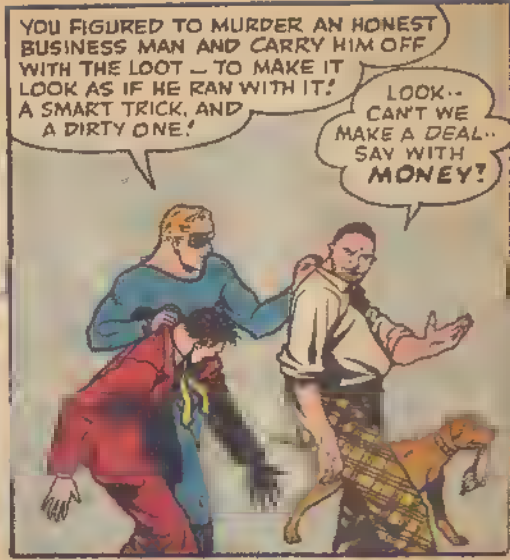
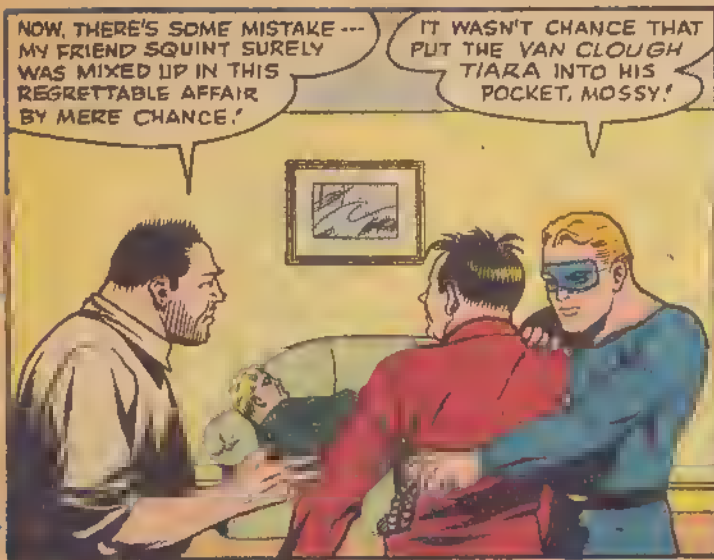


I DIDN'T RAY, MOSSY! HONEST! THIS GUY'S GOT A MUTT THAT...

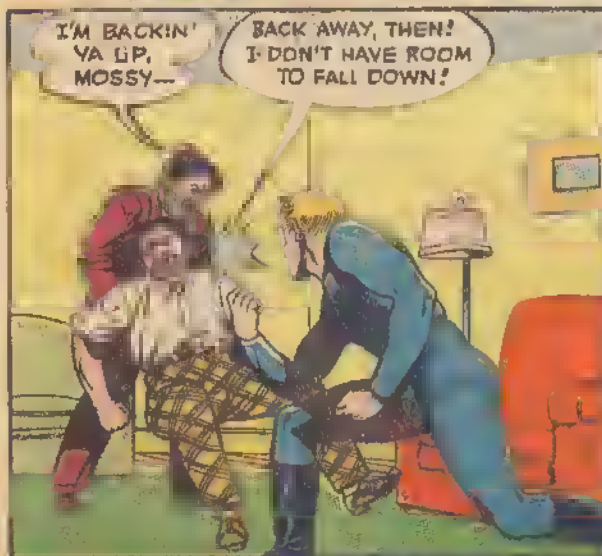
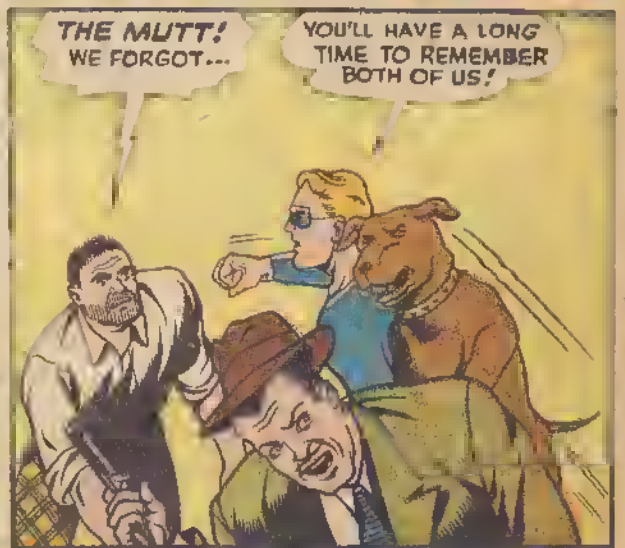
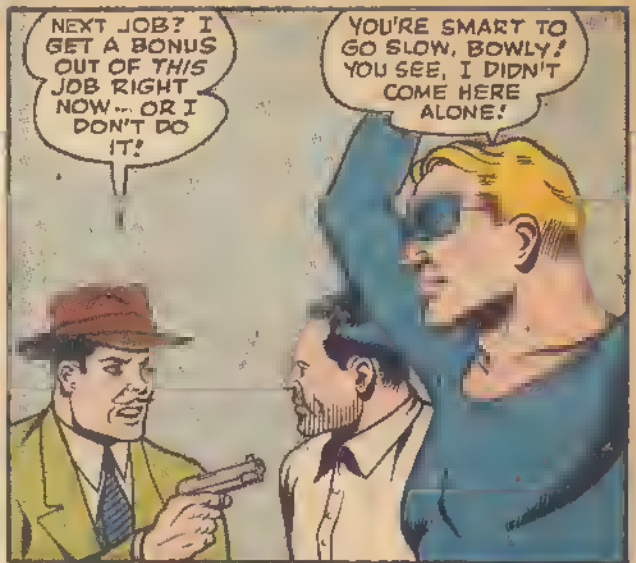
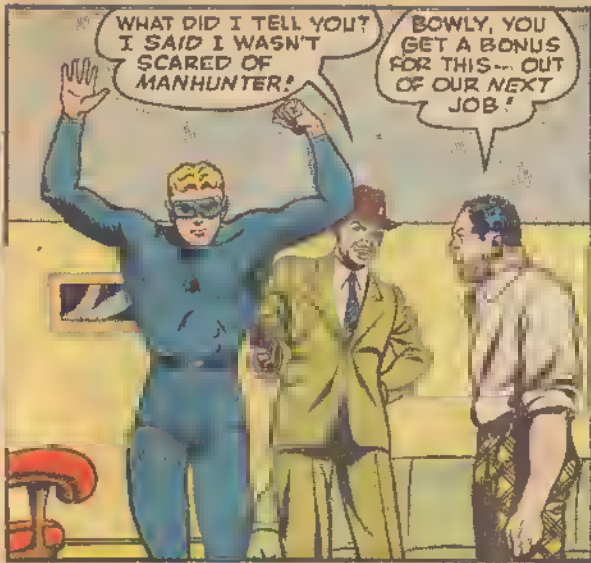
LET US IN, MOSSY...IF THAT'S YOUR NAME! ONE OF YOUR PALS PAID OFF FOR KILLING THIS MAN, AND YOU AND SQUINT ARE JUST ABOUT DUE TO PAY OFF, TOO!



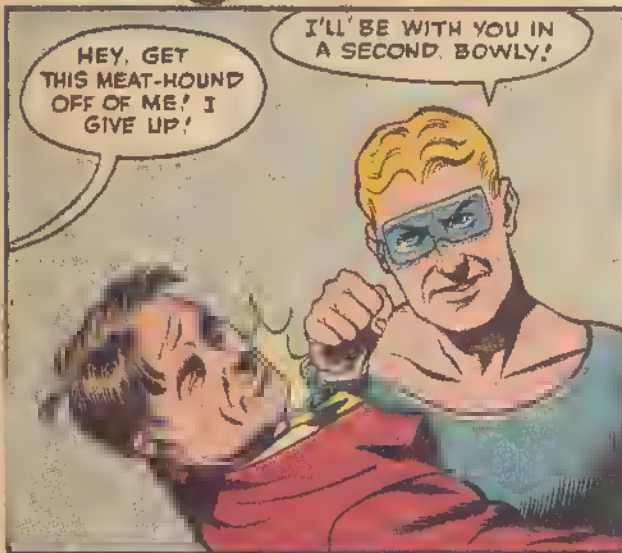
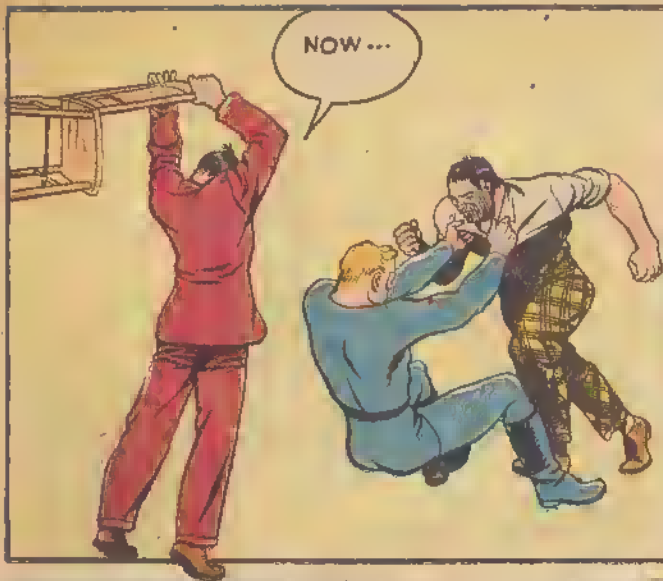
# POLICE COMICS



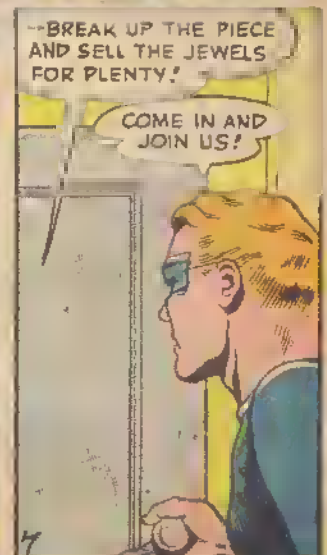
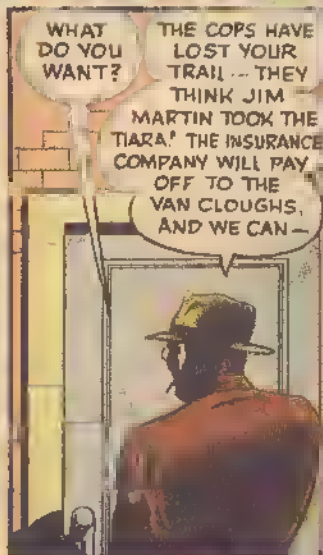
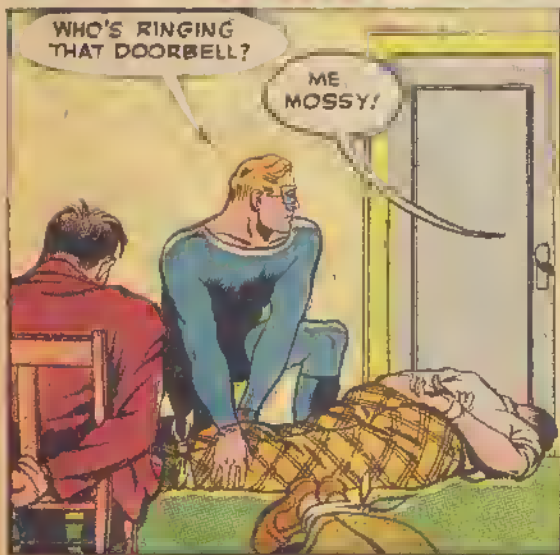
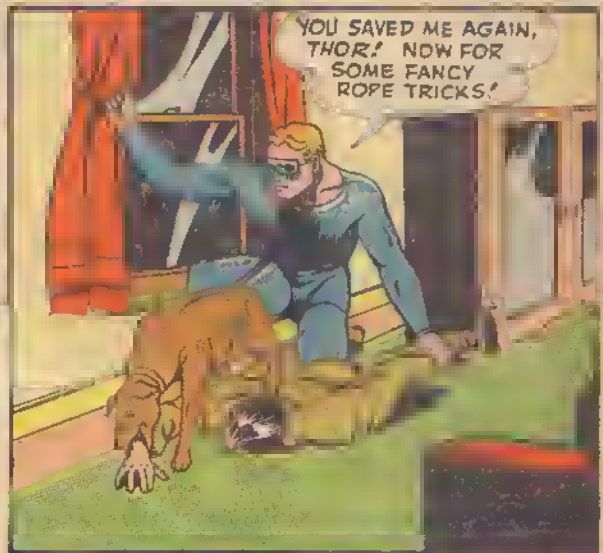




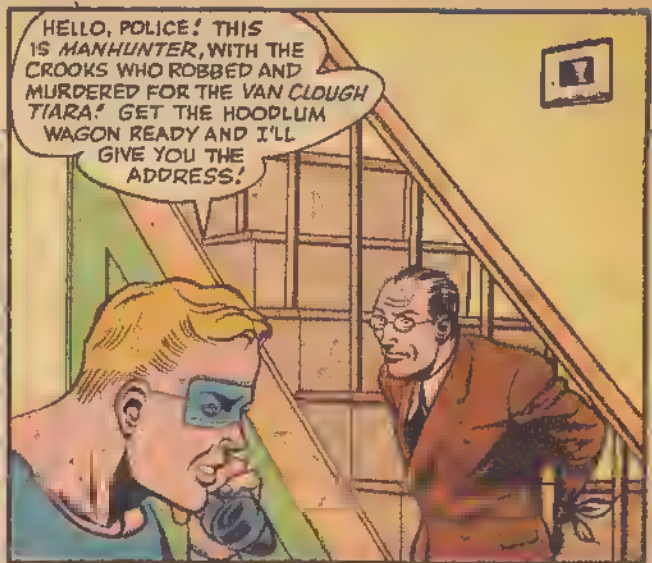




I'LL BE WITH YOU IN A SECOND, BOWLY!

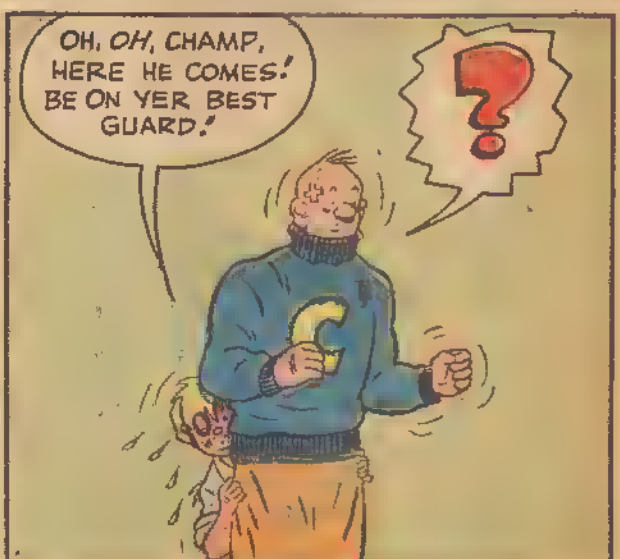
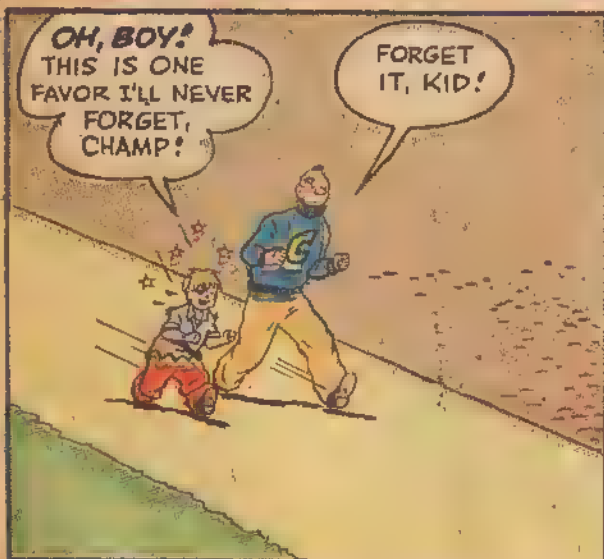
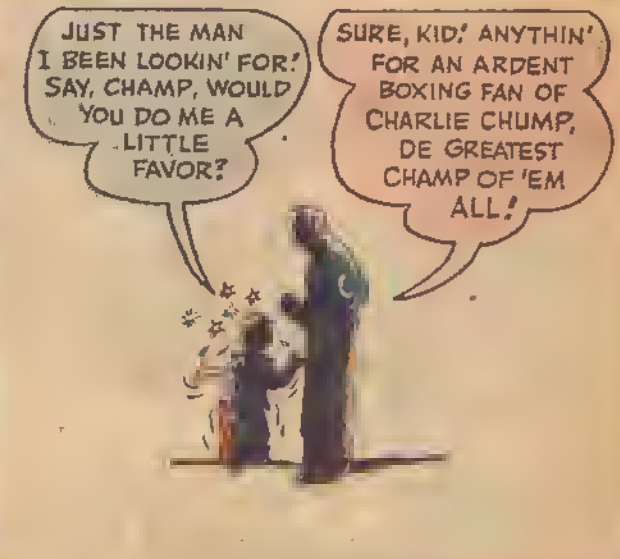
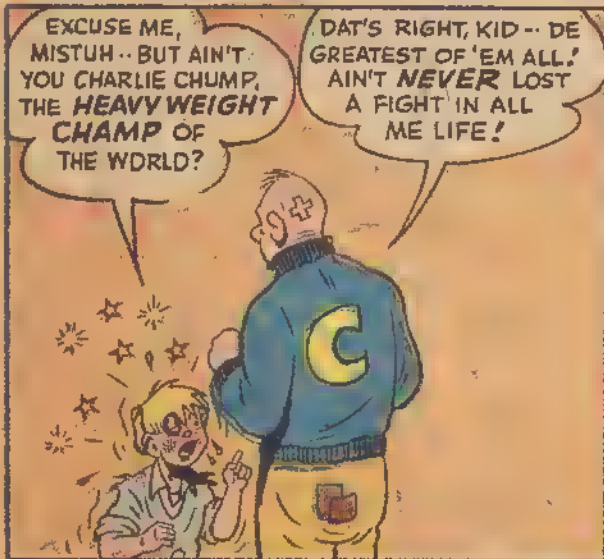
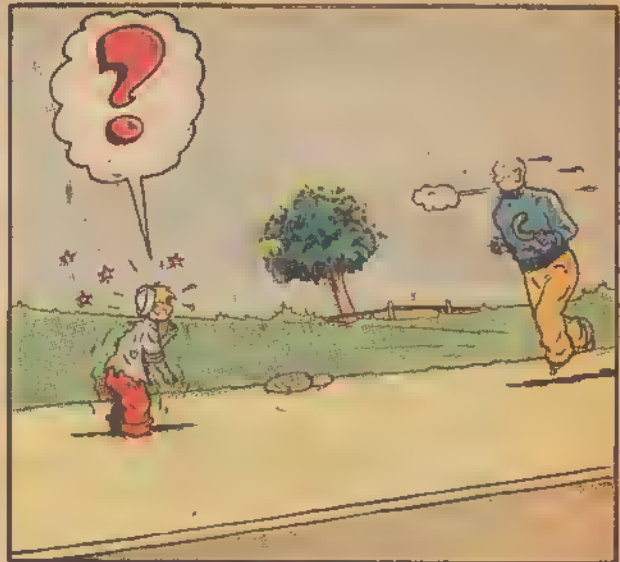
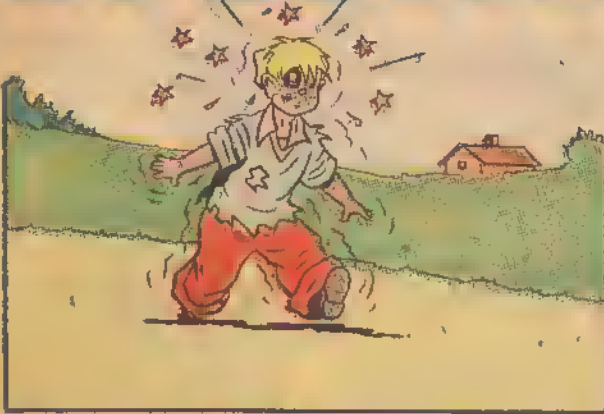




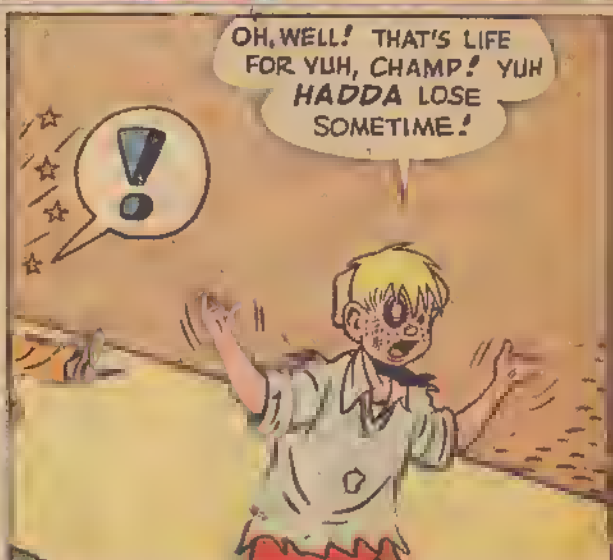
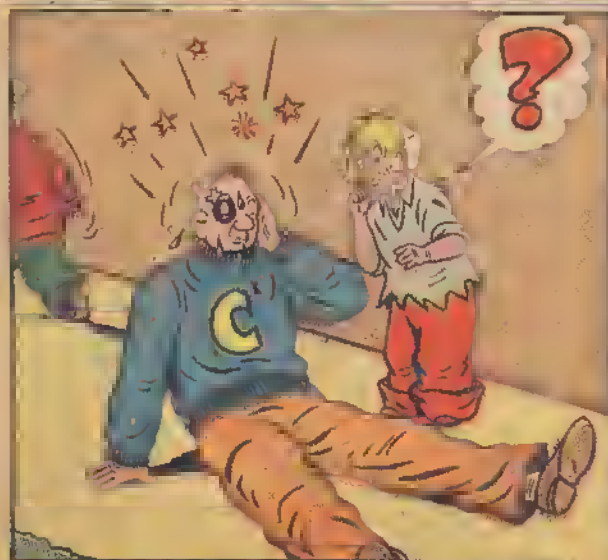
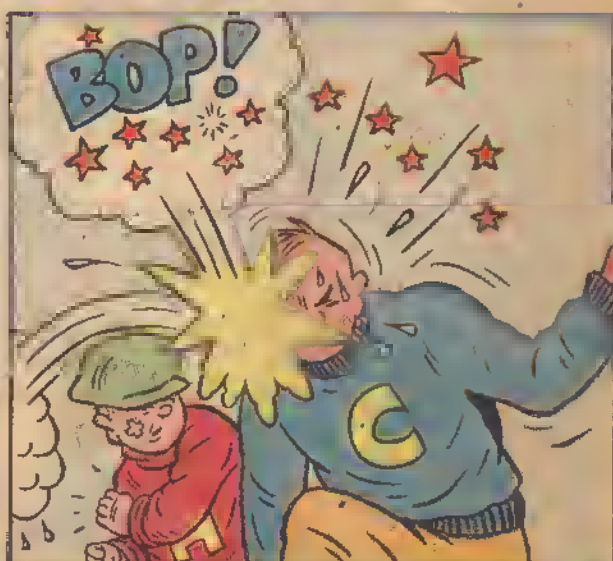
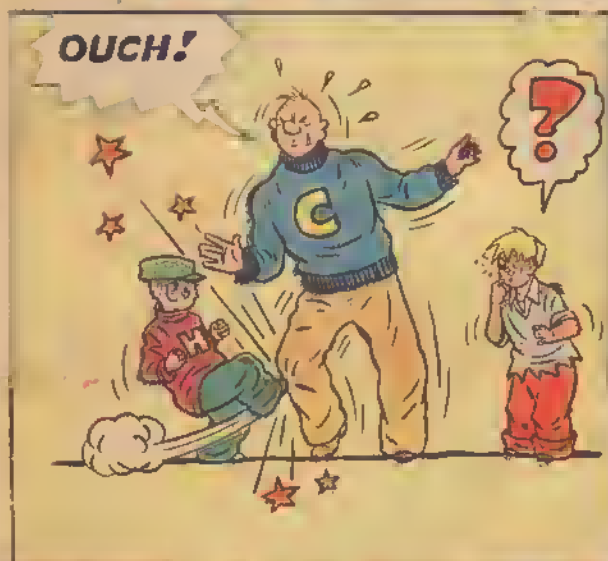
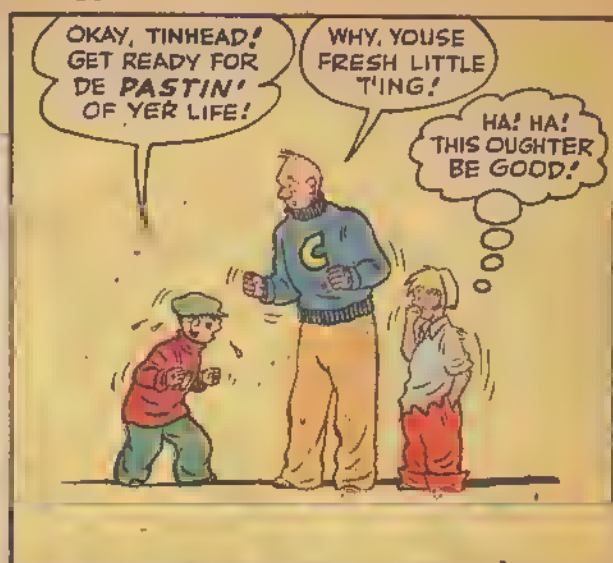
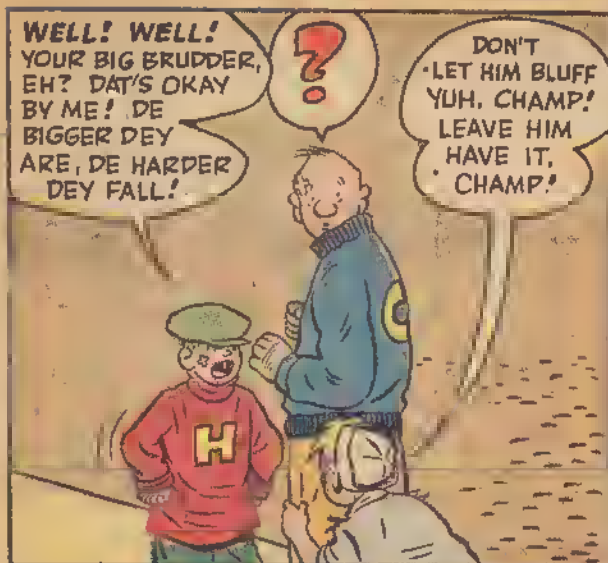




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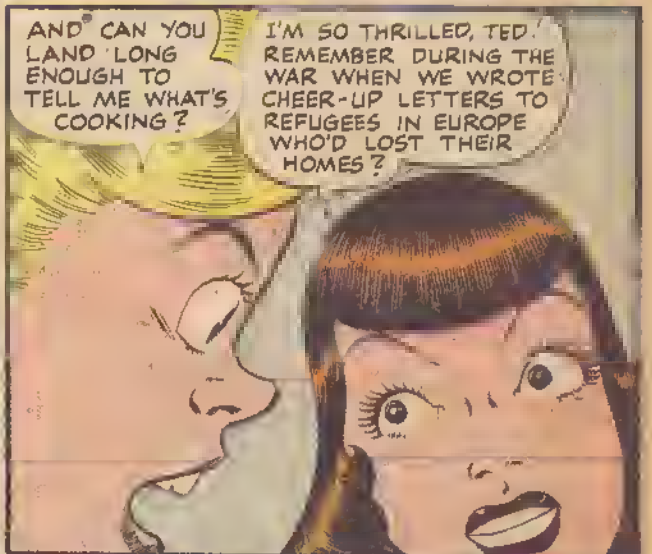
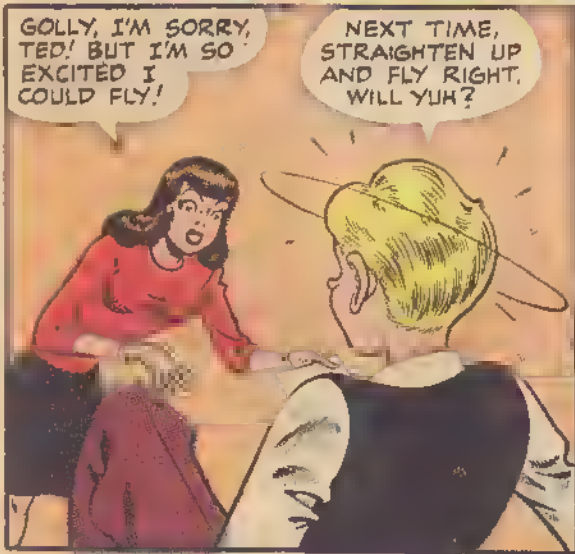
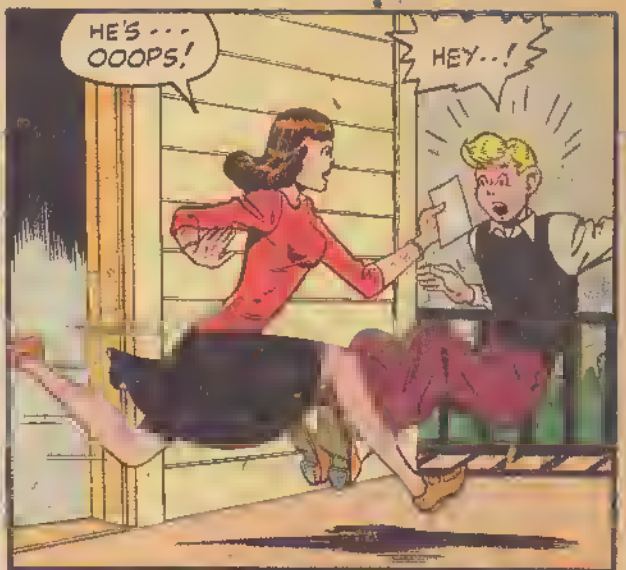
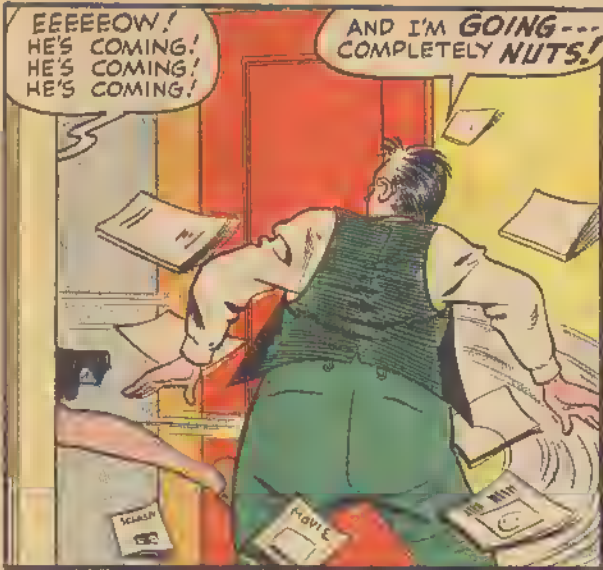




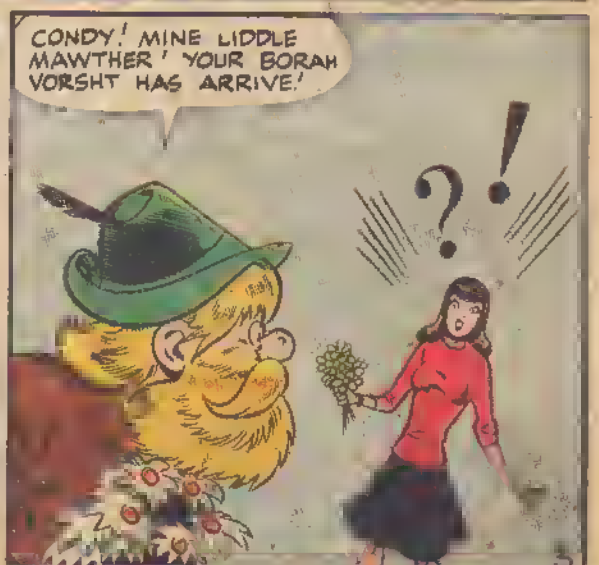
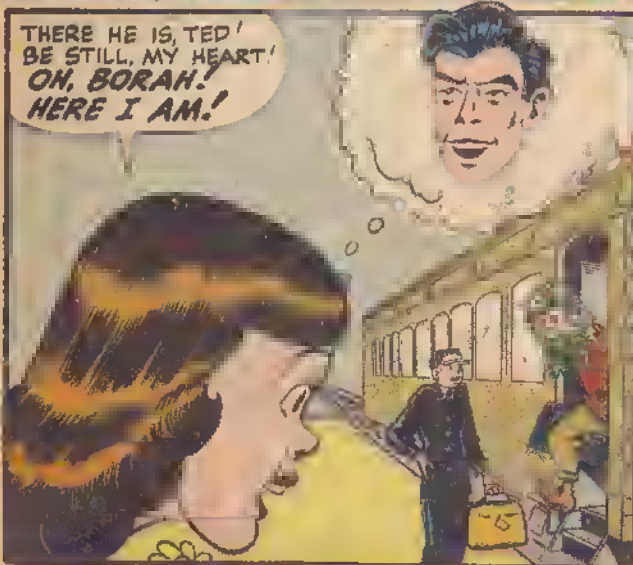
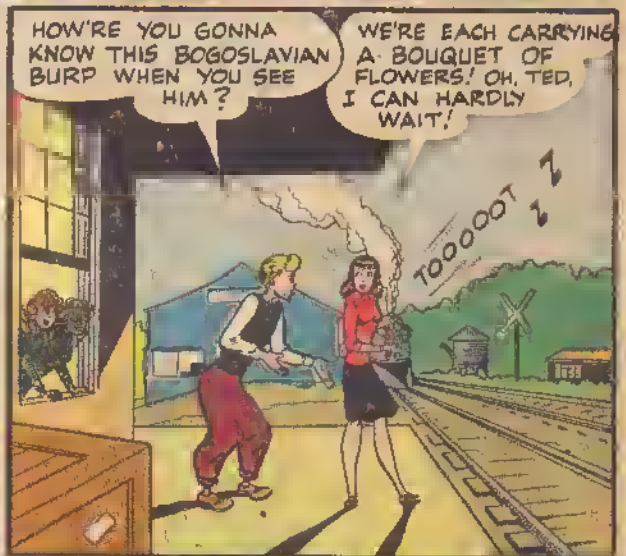
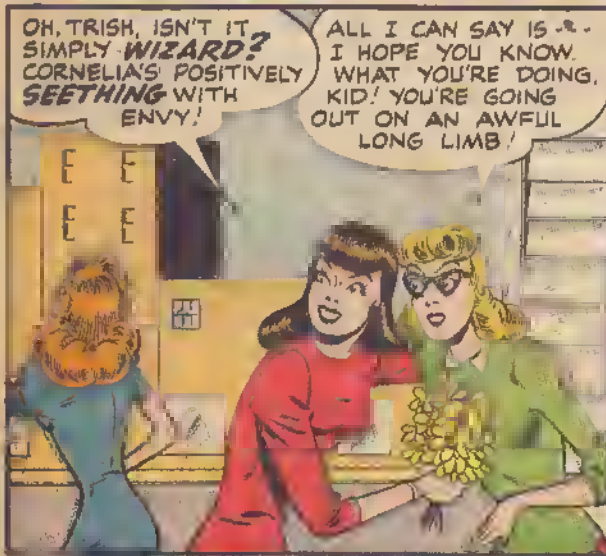
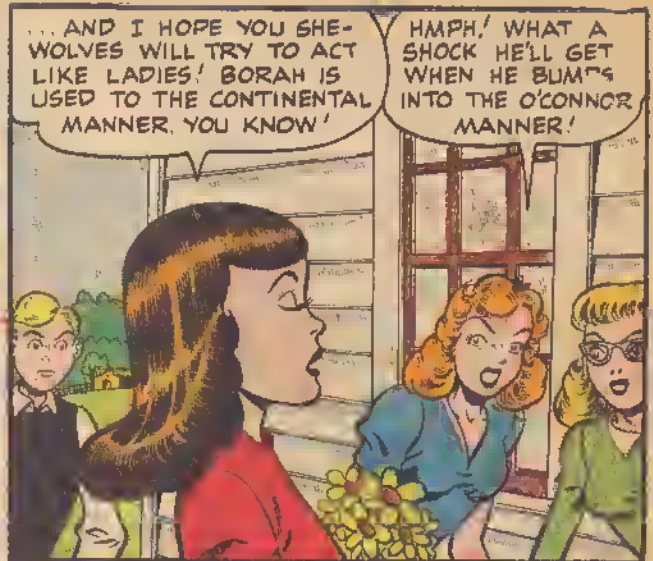
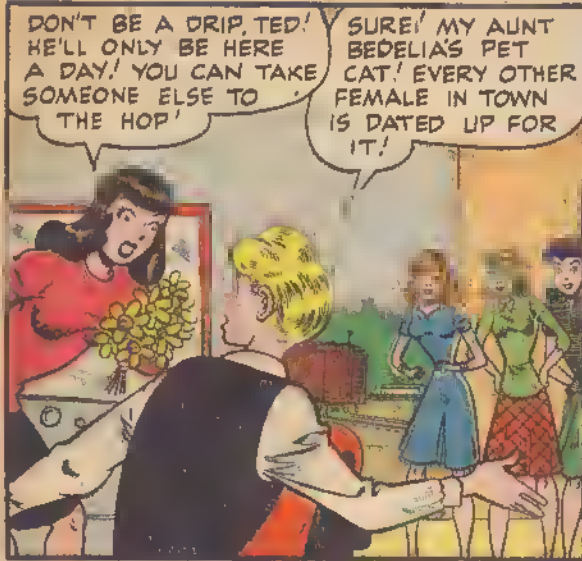
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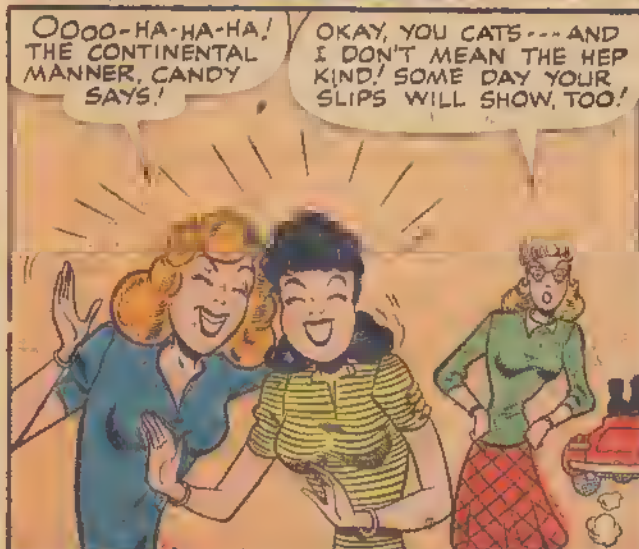
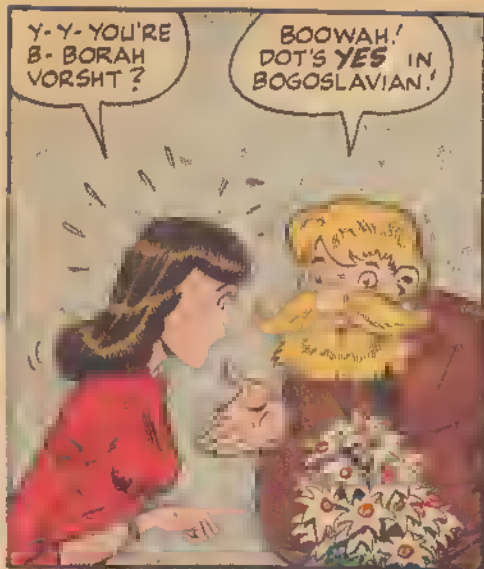




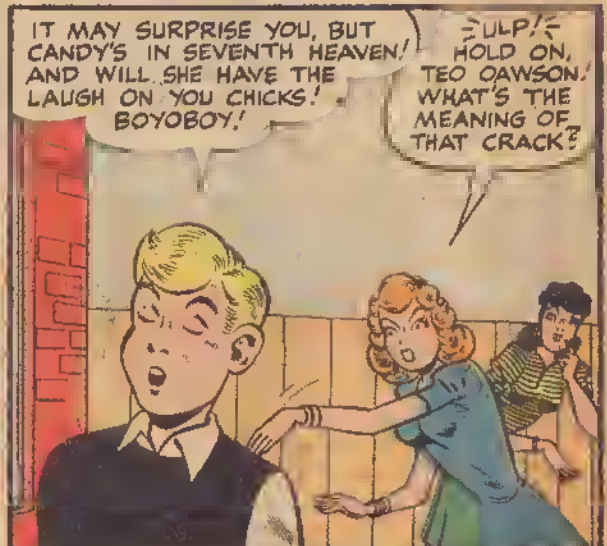
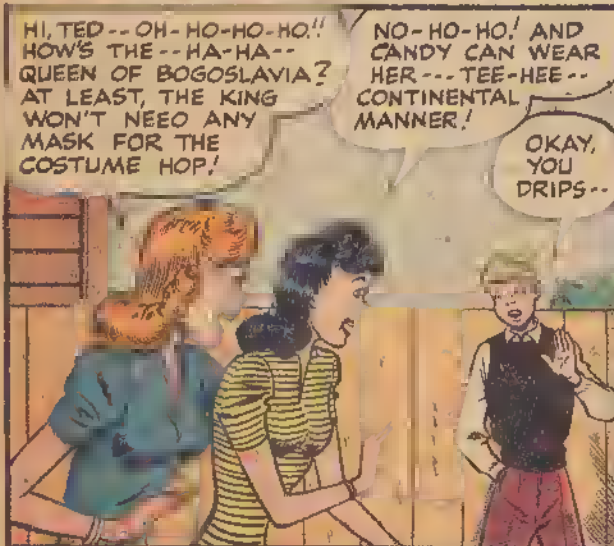
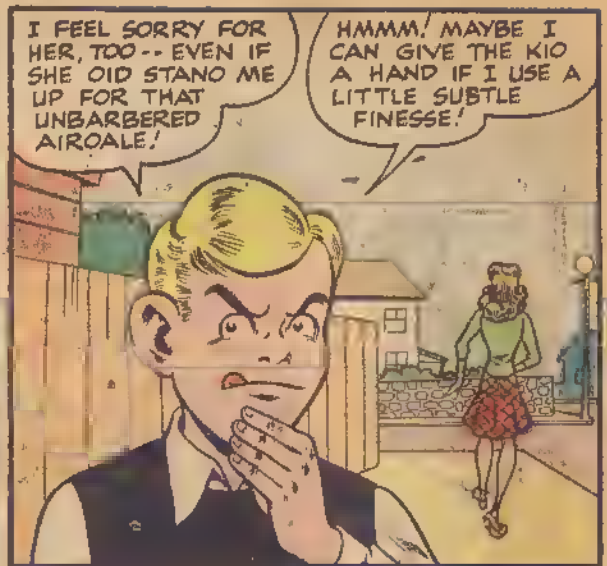
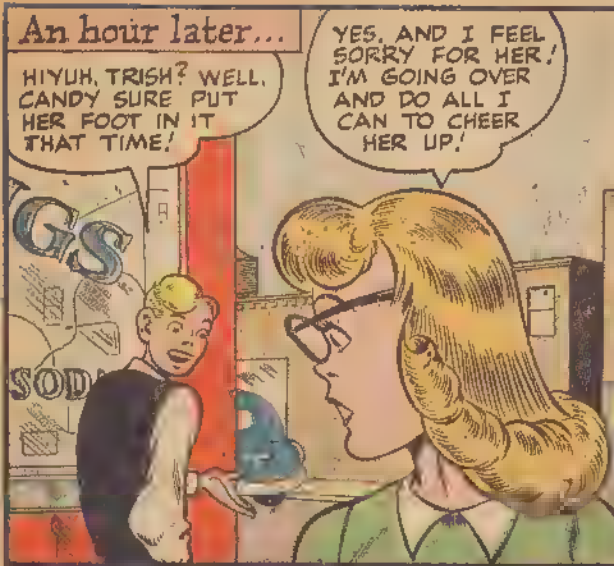




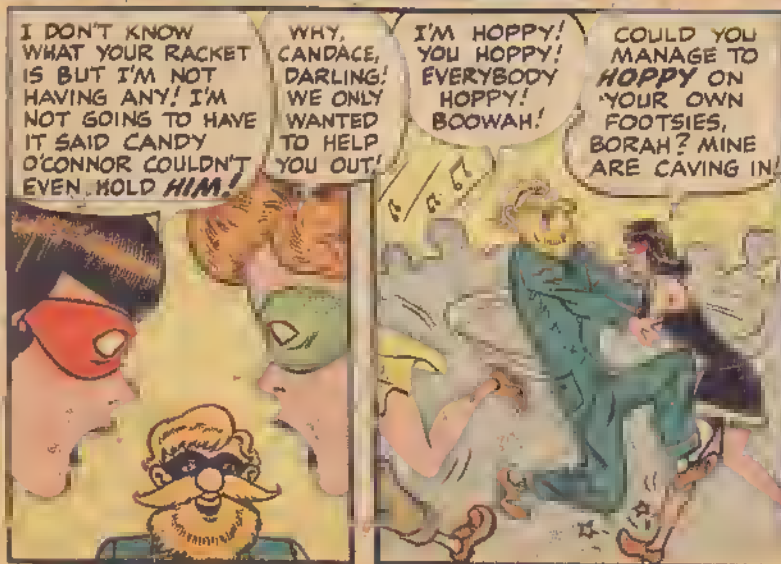
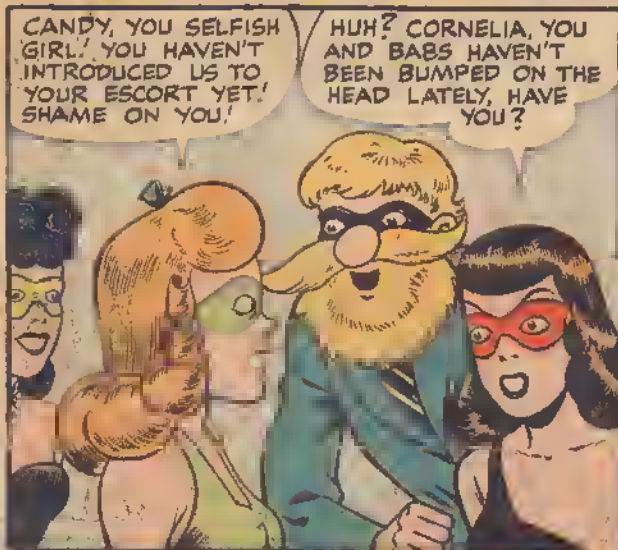
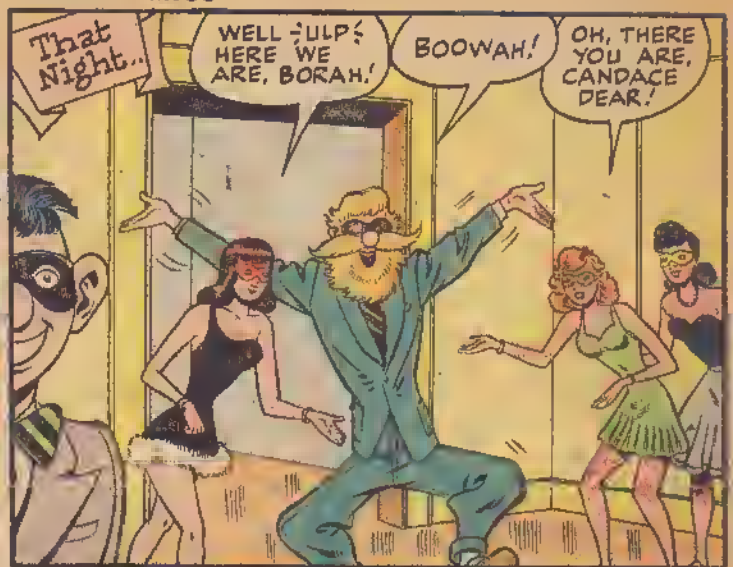
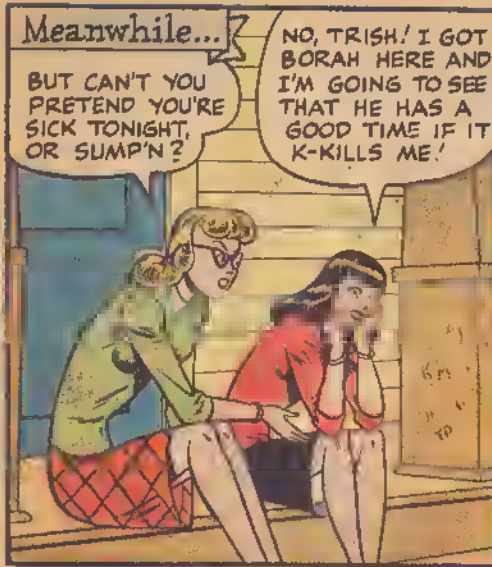




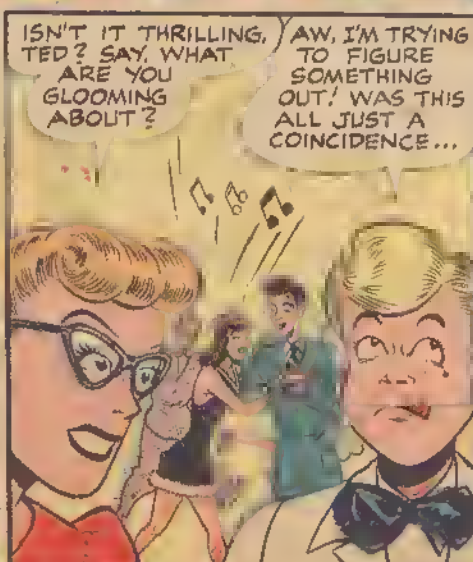
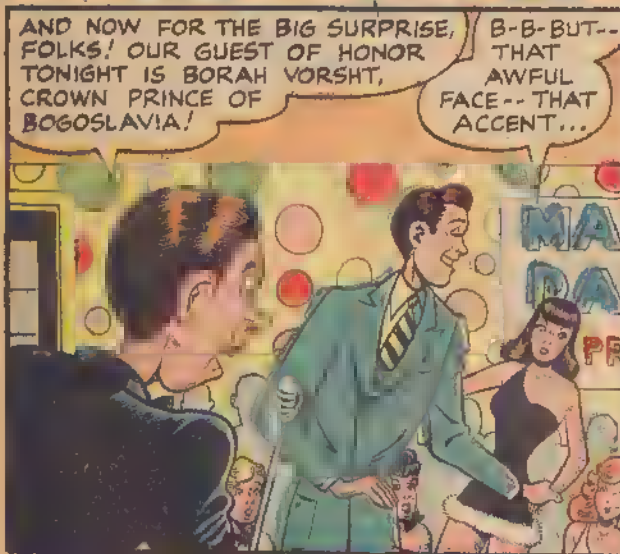
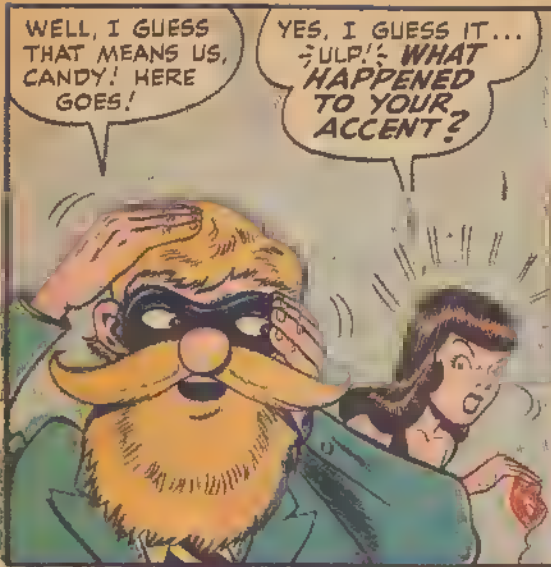






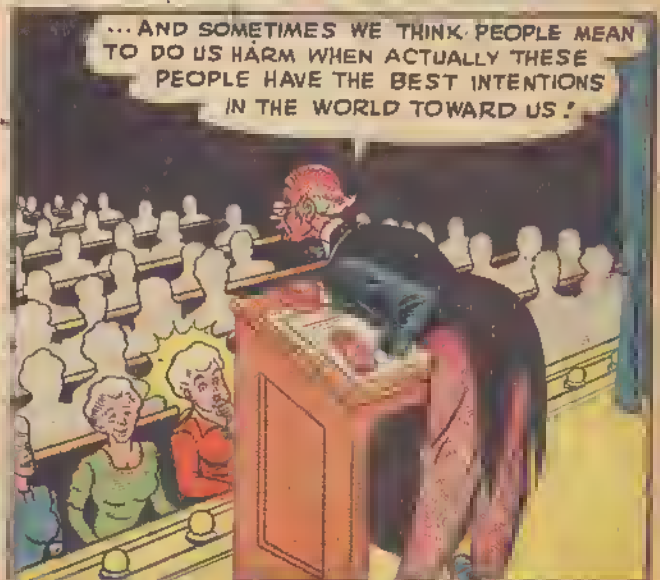
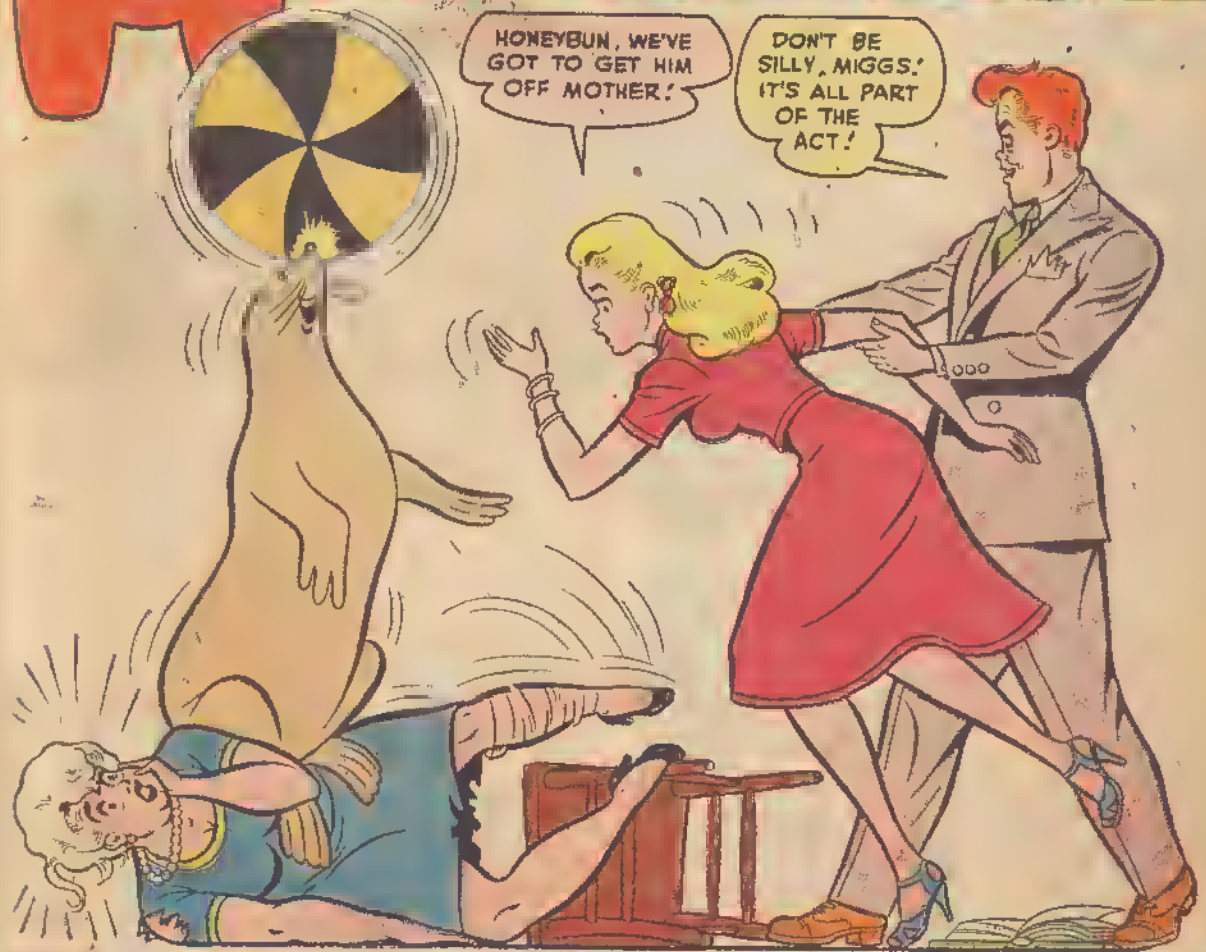






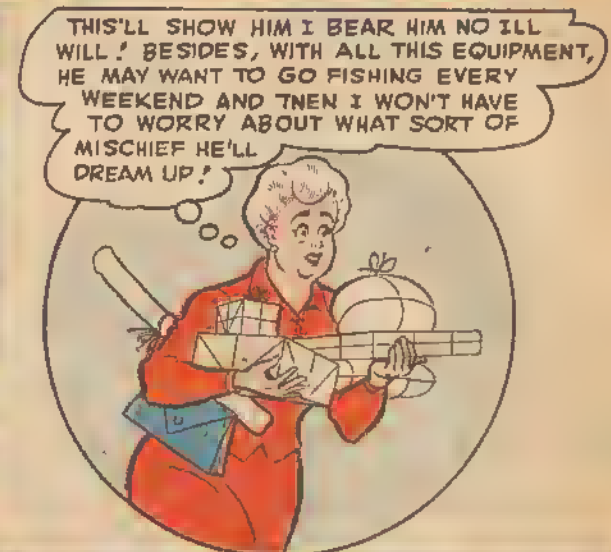
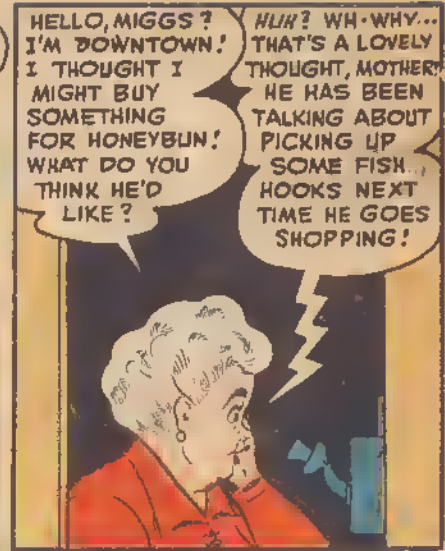
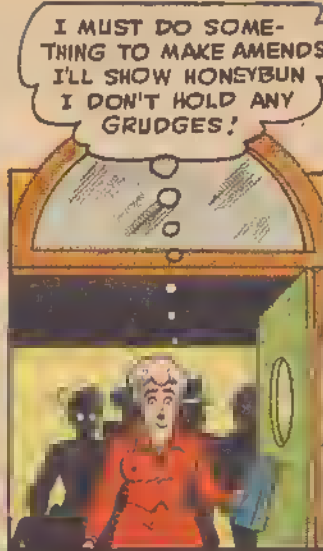


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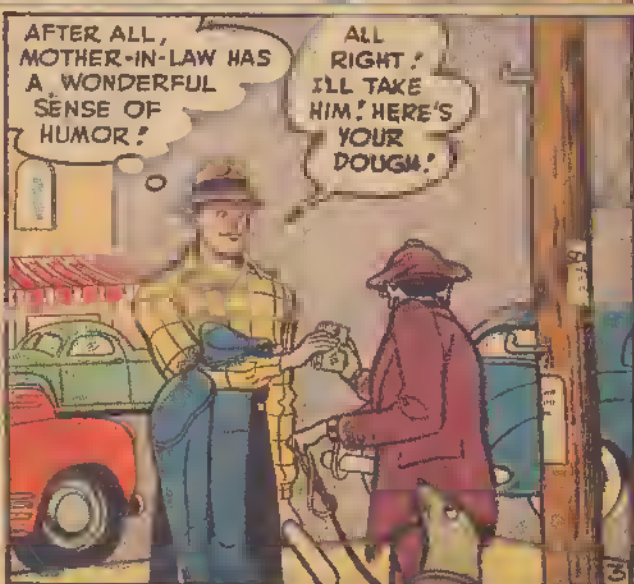
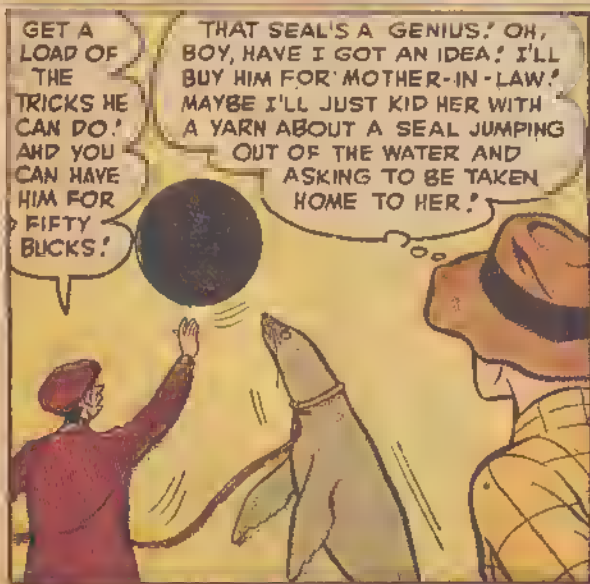
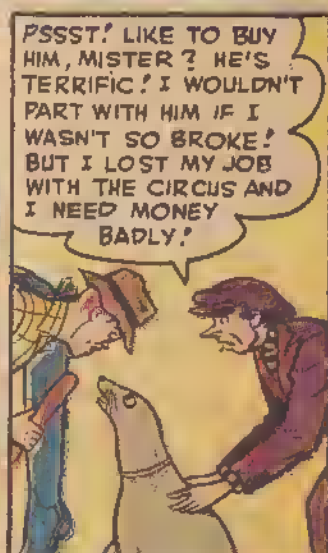
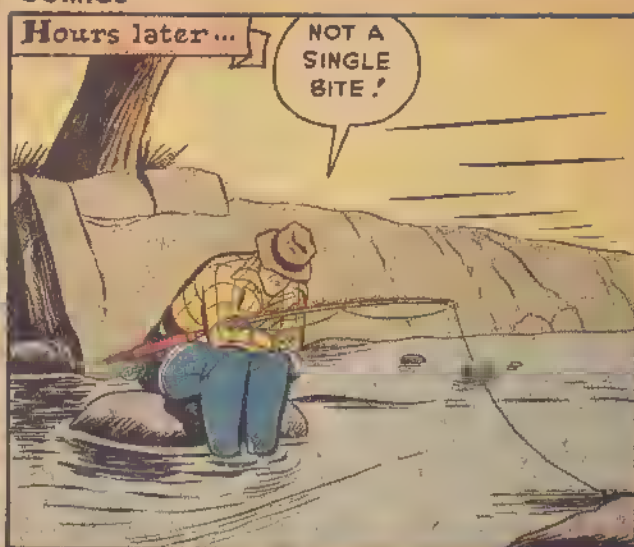
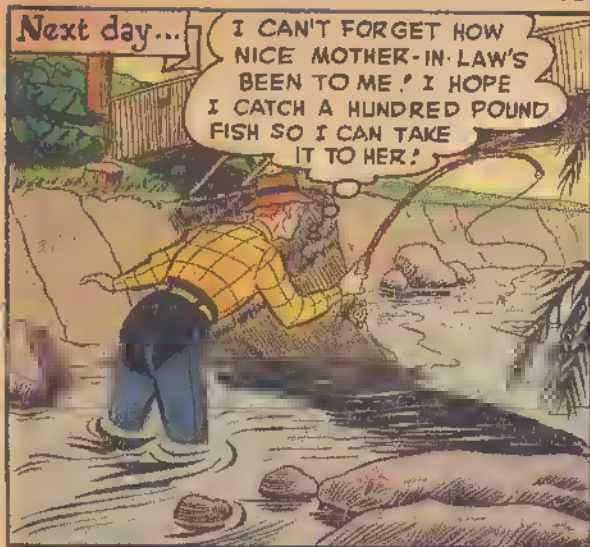




POLICE COMICS

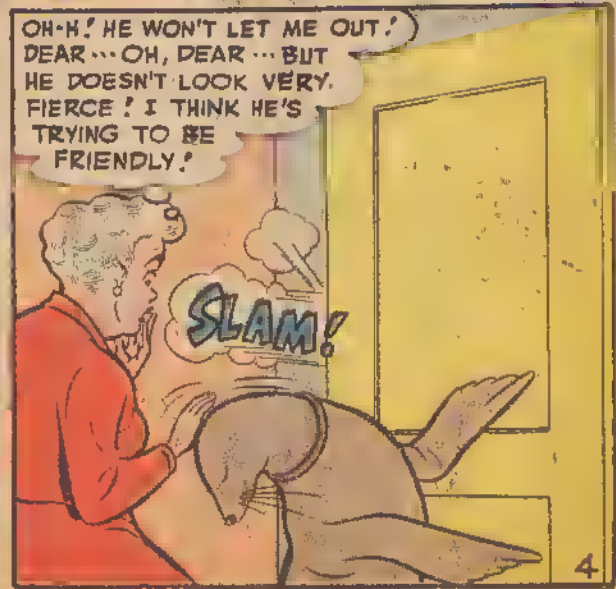
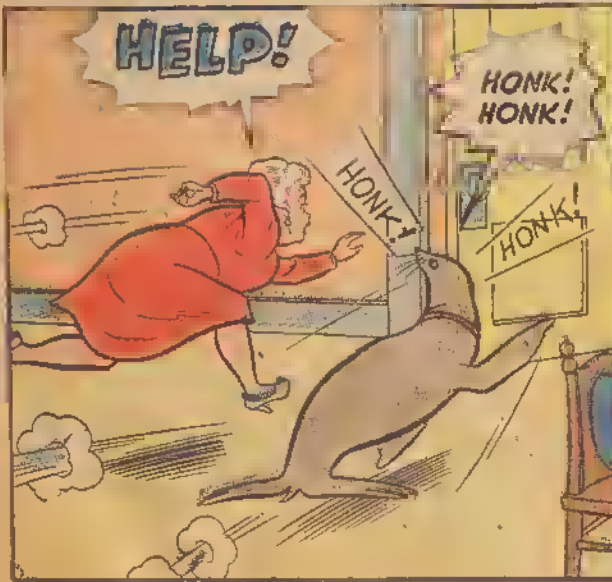
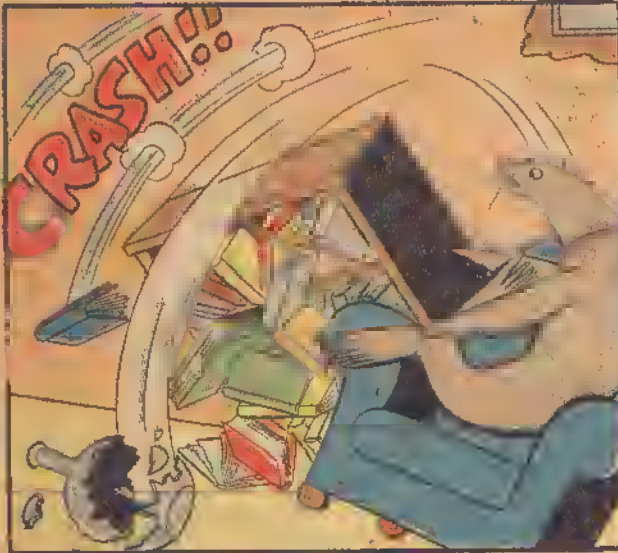
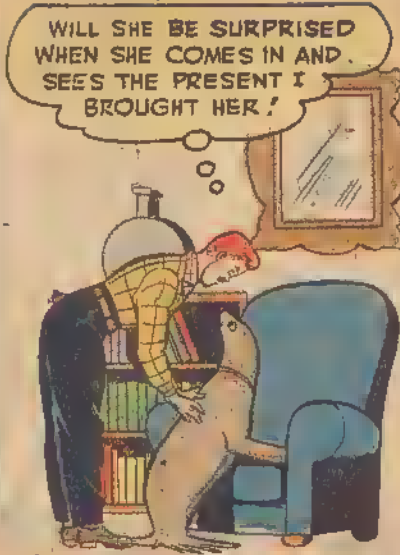






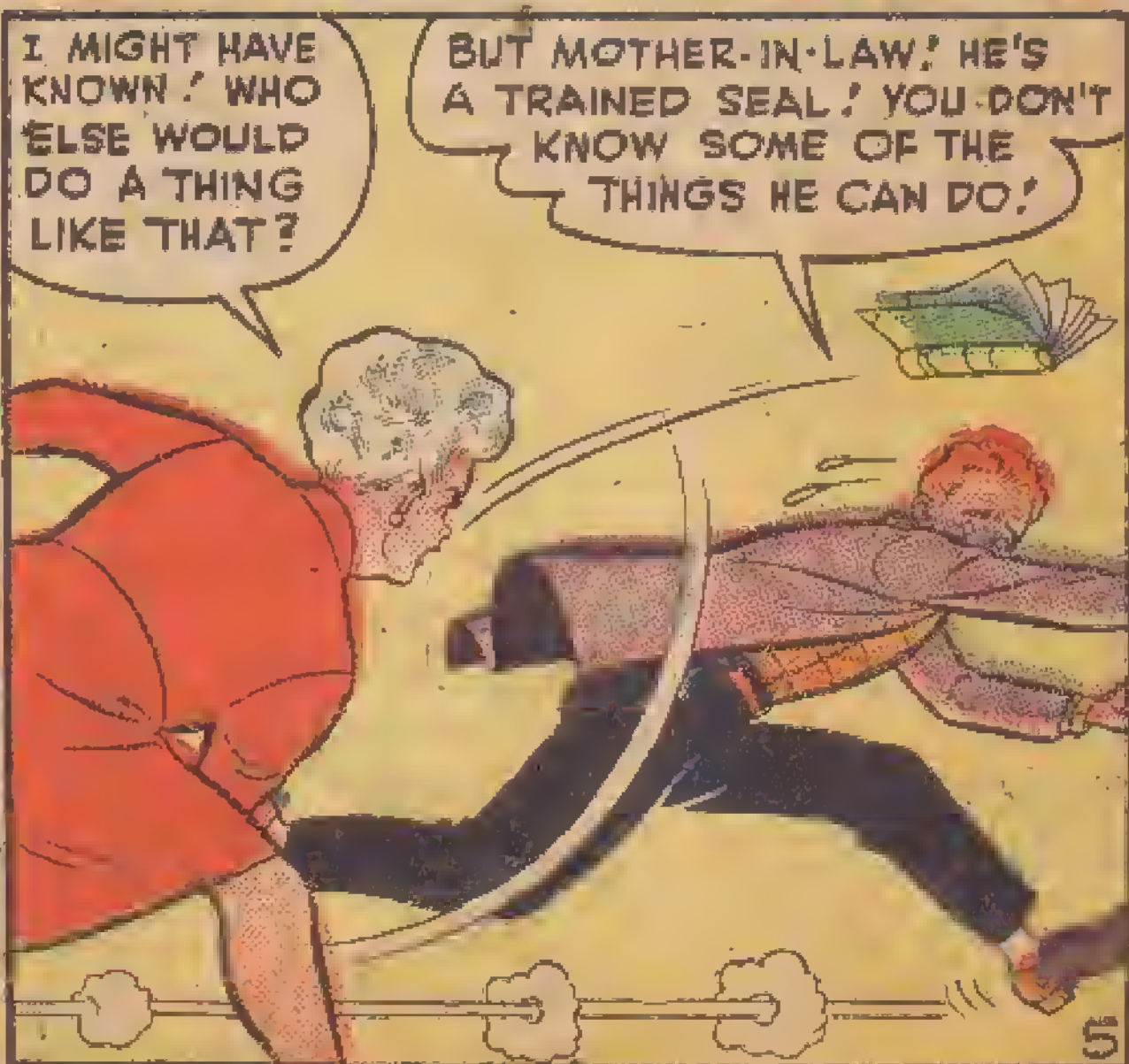
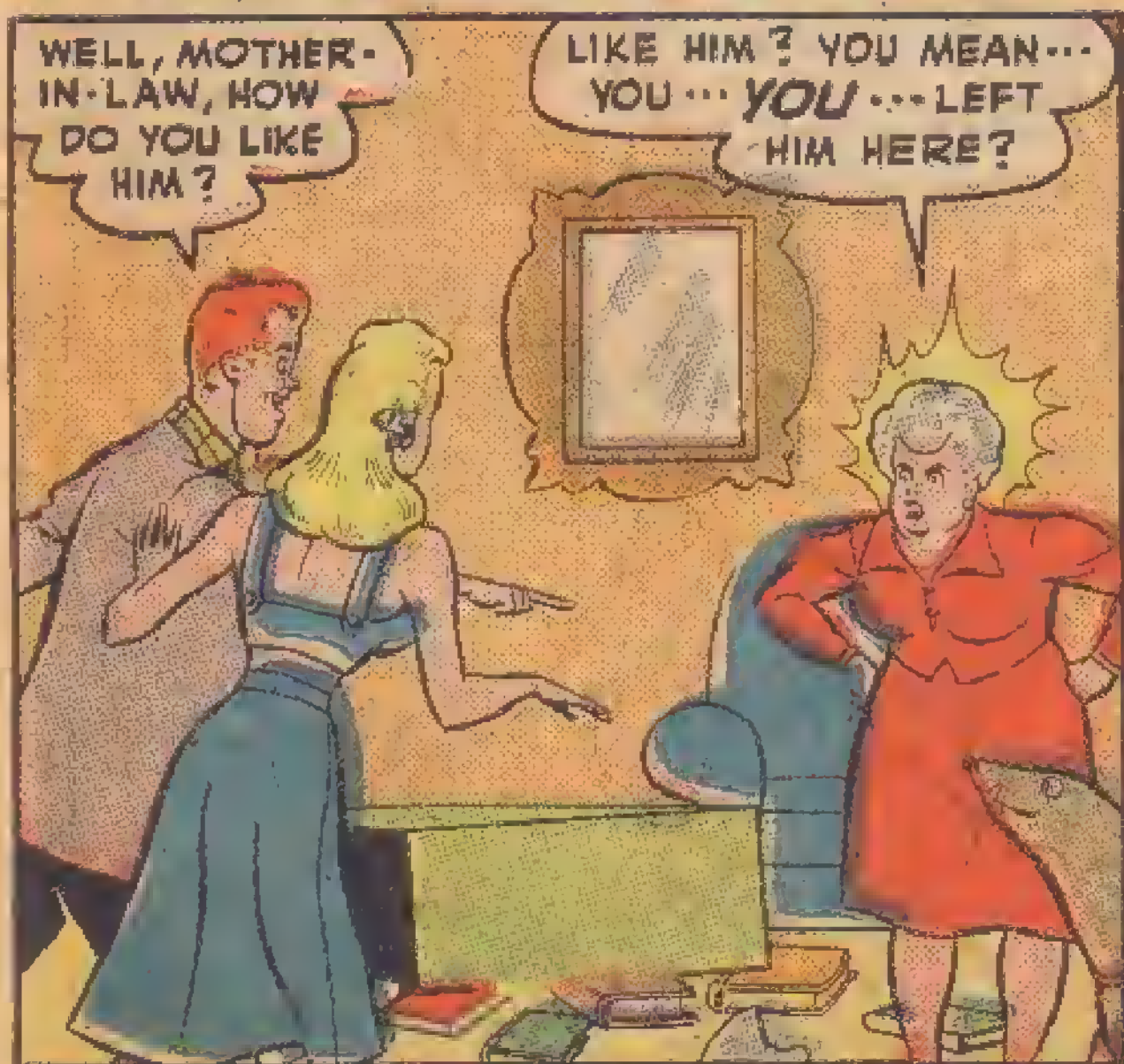
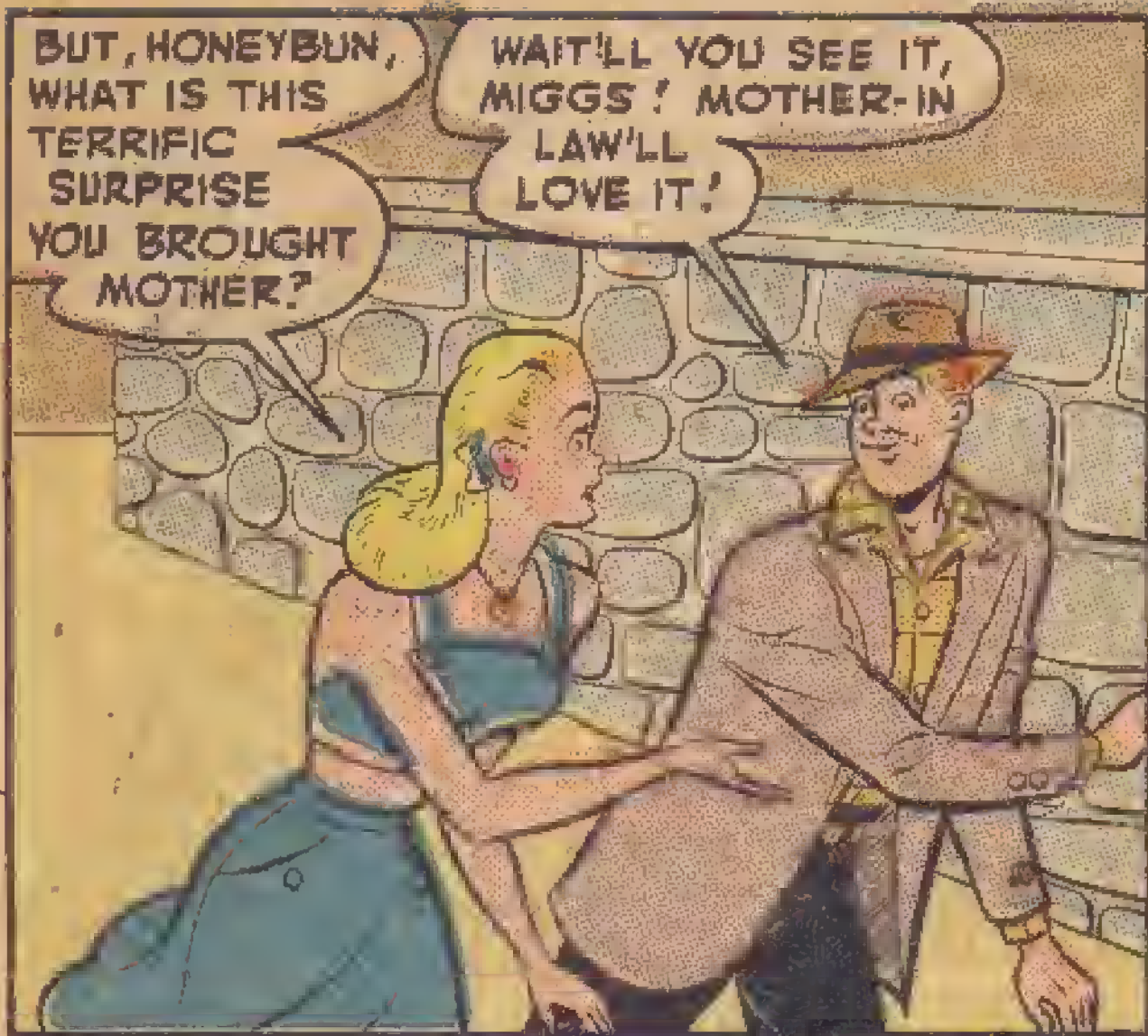


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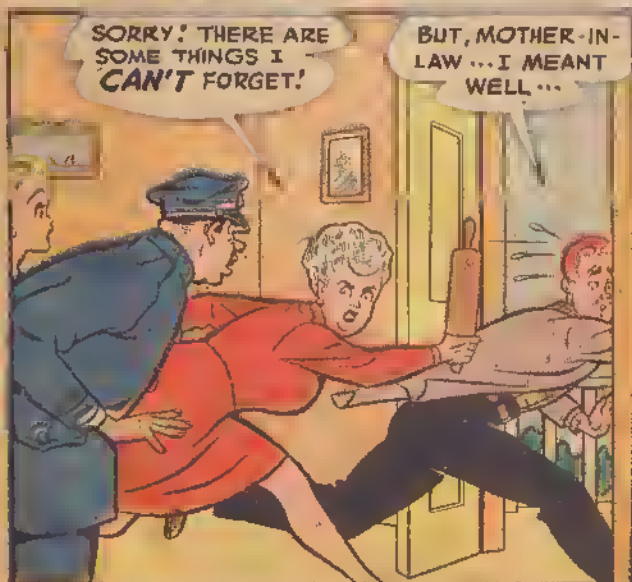
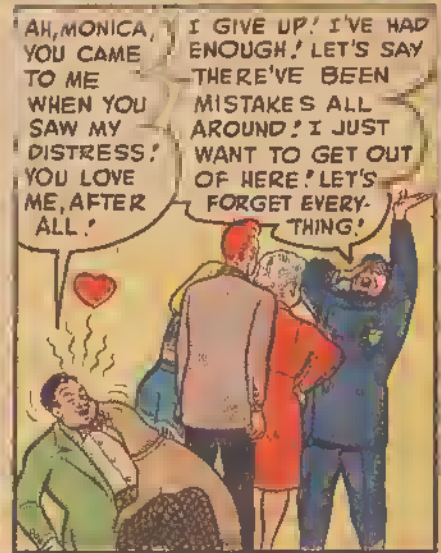
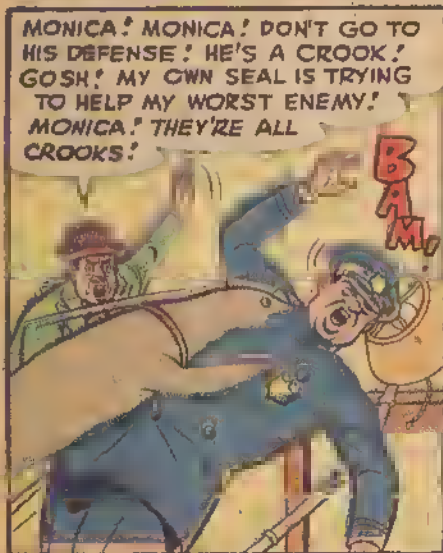
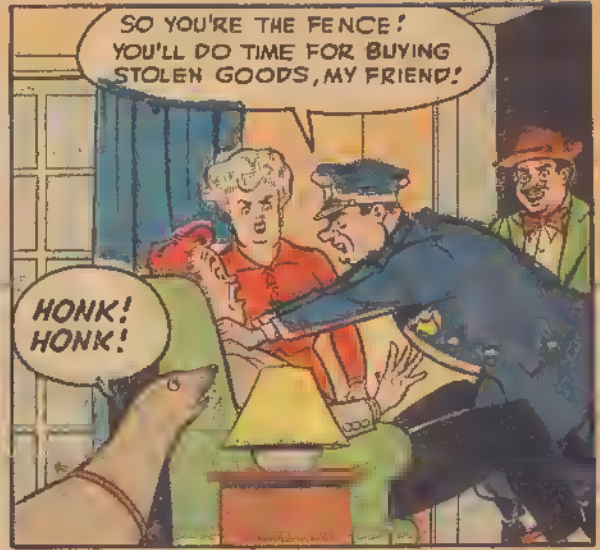
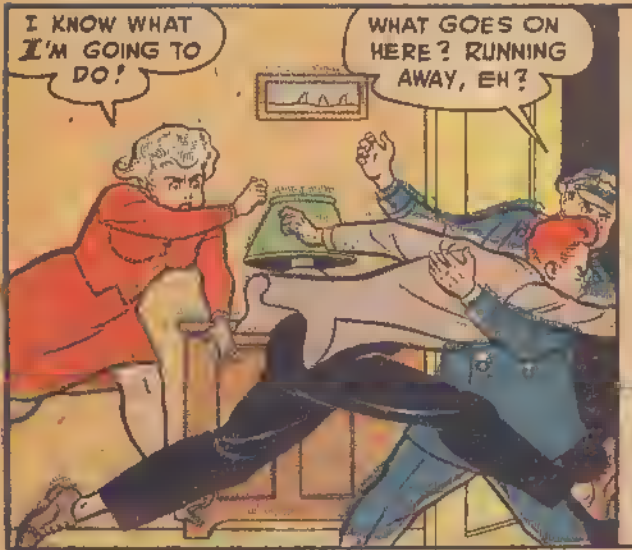
SLAM!







POLICE COMICS







## STIVERS

**T**HERE was plenty of trouble on the waterfront! Two prominent ship owners were found shot to death, one on the deck of his private yacht and the other at the slip where he was about to board a small boat.

According to all reports, there had not been any shots heard at this particular part of the waterfront. But then police figured that it would be impossible to hear shots along the busy harbor.

Both shipping men had been shot in the breast with a small calibre high-velocity bullet. There was no reason for either of the murders, if murders they were. Neither man had any enemies, so far as the police could tell.

Was it the work of some homicidal maniac?

When Dick Mace was assigned to the job, he knew he had a big one on his hands. These dock murders are always tough babies to crack.

Dick made a thorough search of the waterfront. Every dive came under inspection. Every hanger-on. Dick interviewed scores of dock workers and familiars of the area, but discovered nothing.

He was walking away from the docks one evening when he spied a thick-set man with a wooden peg leg, sitting on a piling feeding a great flock of gulls.

"Howdy," said Dick, stopping. "That's a large bunch of gulls you have on hand."

"So 'tis," rasped the heavy man without looking at Dick. "All I have t' do. Gulls appreciate. Ain't like hoomans."

Dick squatted on his heels to watch the gulls wheeling and diving at the bits of food the oldster threw out. The man might be about sixty. He had a sour, saturnine face, beefy-red from long exposure to sea wind. Might be an ex-master, Dick figured.

"Your ship in dock?" Dick hazarded.

"My ship!" the old man favored him with a glare. "Who said I had a ship?"

"Oh," said Dick a bit flustered, "you look like a master."

"Well, I was once, young feller! No better on the blasted high seas—till I got this." He stuck out his peg leg with a grimace.

"Too bad. How did you happen to get that?"

"Why, the d—!" The old man caught himself. "Gut her aboard a ship I was mate on once," he said crisply. There was a world of hate in his eyes, Dick saw.

Dick arose and stretched himself. "Well, so long," he said to the old ex-master. He strode off.

That was about an hour before sundown. Less than an hour later his hotel phone rang. He lifted the receiver.

"Another shipping man shot, Dick," came the voice of Byers, the chief. "Dead as a mackerel. Shot right through the breast at close range. Slip 14, if you care to drop down—although I don't know what you can thru up."

"Okay," said Dick. "I'll go on down."

When Dick arrived at Slip 14, he found quite a crowd. Of course, the ship owner—Beetson by name—had long since been removed. But the scene always draws a crowd—and sometimes the criminal.

Dick didn't see anybody who looked much like a criminal. It was after the crowd had thinned somewhat that he recognized the spot. Right here was where the old peg-legged master had been sitting on the pile feeding the gulls.

Not that that meant anything. And yet, what had Dick remembered most about the old man? The utter hate that showed in his eyes when he mentioned the—had he mentioned anybody, or was it merely the ship he was on as mate when he got his wooden leg?

Dick sat down on the pile and pondered it. The old man had said no names or ranks, except his own. When he was mate, he had lost his leg. But his eyes had glowed terrible hate. Then it



must have been under some tough skipper that he'd lost his leg. And in that case, . . .

"Yeah," said Dick, "In that case, so what? You're still up a nice tall tree—or mast, in this event."

After a few minutes, Dick got up and moseyed toward one of the all-night dives that was already humming with business. It was filled with shipping men. Dick went up to the bar and ordered a beer. Not that he ever drank stimulants of any sort; this was a ruse.

He pretended to sip at the beer and kept his eyes busy. At last he was rewarded. The old peg-leg came lurching in and sat down in a corner. In a moment, two or three cronies were sitting down at his table.

Dick sauntered over and tried to listen to their conversation, but the noise was so great in the room that it was mostly impossible. He did catch a few words which, put together, meant little. After a moment, certain that the old man hadn't seen him, he sauntered over to the table and said, "Oh, hello, Captain."

The old man eyed him for a moment, then kicked a chair out. "Sit, boy."

Dick sat down, looking pleasantly anticipatory.

"What'll ye have, boy?" the old man asked.

Dick grinned, "To tell you the truth, I guess nothing tonight, sir. Thanks just the same. You see, I write fiction stories and tonight I'm on the prowl for material." (It was true that Dick did some writing.) "I figured what better place than a gathering of seafaring men for good story stuff?"

One of the old salts clunked, "You ain't barkin' up no wrong tree there, hub! I cud tell ya a yarn that'd make yer hair stand on end, I cud."

The younger man at the table—a first mate—grinned. "Pop Suthers thinks he's done everything in the book just because he used to be a whaler," he chortled.

"Wul," shouted the oldster, "an' kin ya hear whalin' fer downright excitement an' adventure?"

Peg-leg interposed with, "Tush, men, I guess mebbe I could spin a tall one myself if I was

in just the right mood. Which I ain't," he added quickly.

"I was in hopes," began Dick, "that you might, sir."

"Someday—someday!" Peg-leg waved a horny hand in dismissal. "But tonight I got some old pals showin' up. No tales tonight."

Dick got up. "Well, anyway, thanks to you, gentlemen, I know you could all tell good stories. One thing, sir"—Dick addressed the peg-legged member of the table—"what do you think of the average seaman? I mean the average master?"

A furious blaze of hate shut through the old man's eyes. Then he quickly controlled it. He forced a grin. "That'll keep for the story someday," he said amiably.

The next day Dick made inquiries about the peg-legged ex-master. His name, he found, was Nate Stivers. No one knew much about him. He had shown up in the waterfront area only a couple of months before. Seemed to have money. Seldom mixed with seafaring men.

"Ah, mystery!" said Dick to himself after hearing this last from some informant.

That afternoon another master was shot as he boarded his launch. The bullet had gone through him and cut a gash in a sailor's shoulder sitting behind him. The master had been killed instantly.

It was four days later that Dick, seated in a hidden spot near the old peg-legged chap, watched Capt. Percy Adair of the *Holmby* S walk down the dock heading for his small boat. Dick wasn't watching Capt. Adair so much as he was Stivers. He saw a strange thing then. Stivers suddenly lifted his wooden leg, pointing it in the direction of the ship master. Dick cut loose a yell and raced toward the old peg-leg.

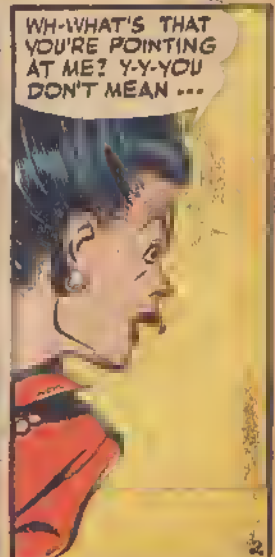
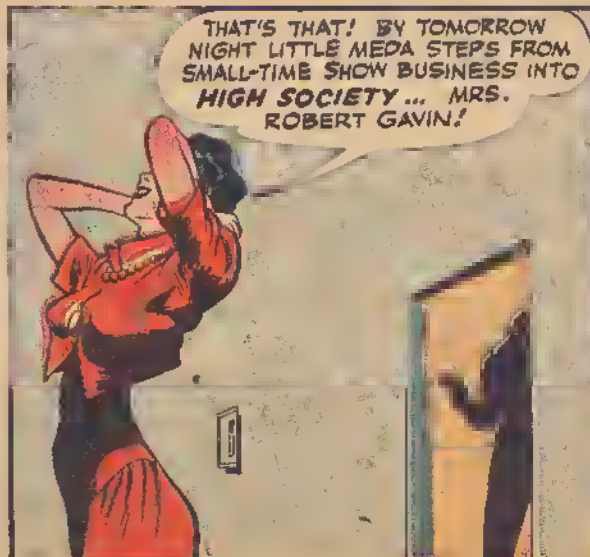
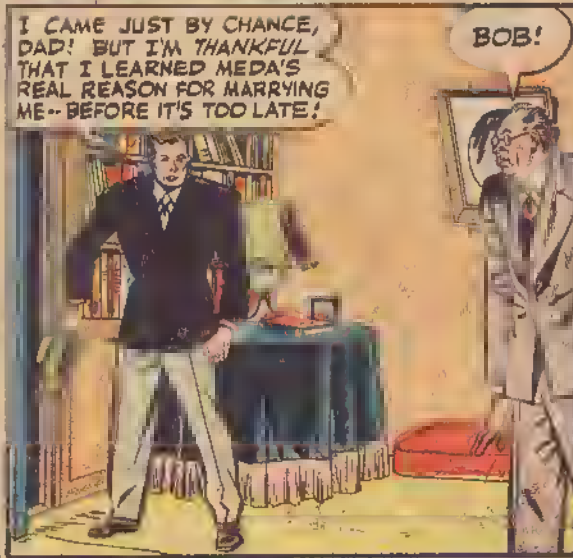
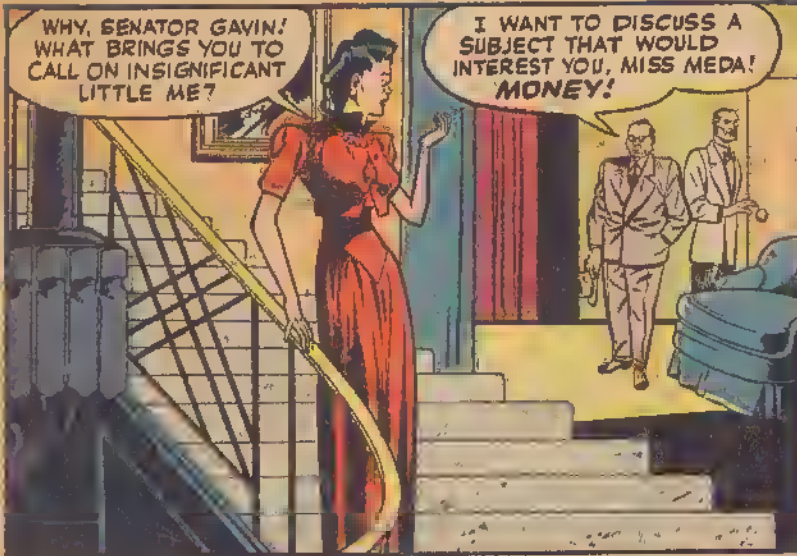
Peg-leg whirled the wooden leg in his direction and Dick felt a twitch of the cloth in his coat shoulder. A bullet had passed through it, but there had been no sound and no smoke. He caught Peg-leg as he was holding away. And the rest was easy. The wooden leg contained a clever rifle with a silencer, which fired whenever Peg-leg squeezed a bulb held in one hand. He hated all ship masters.



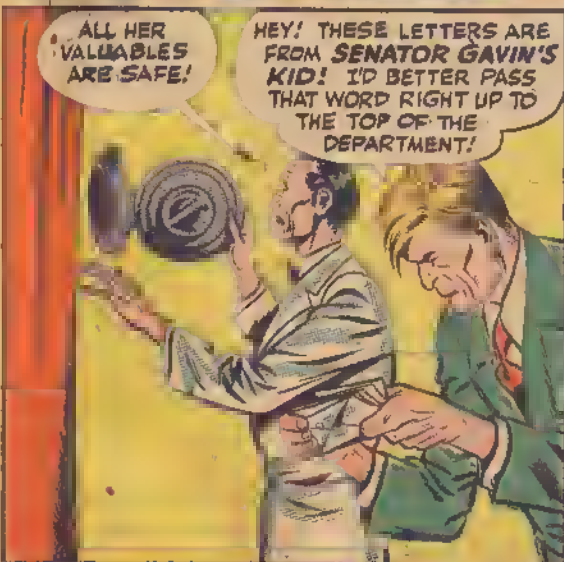
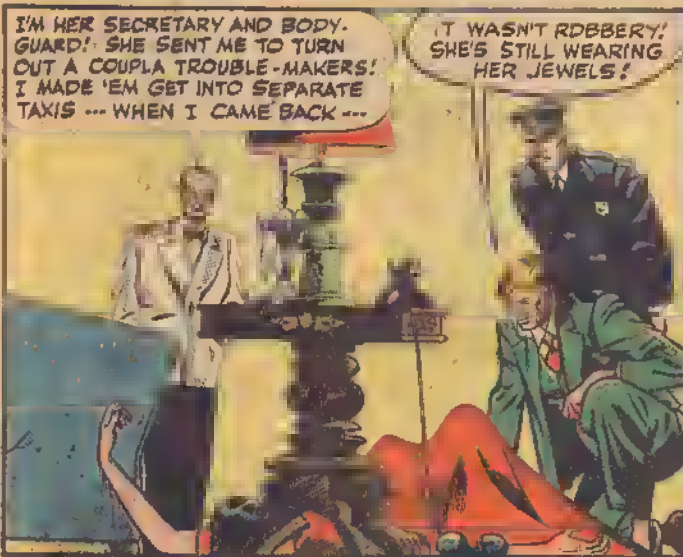
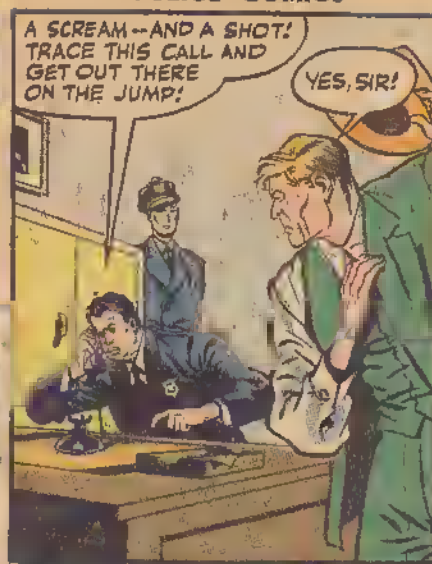




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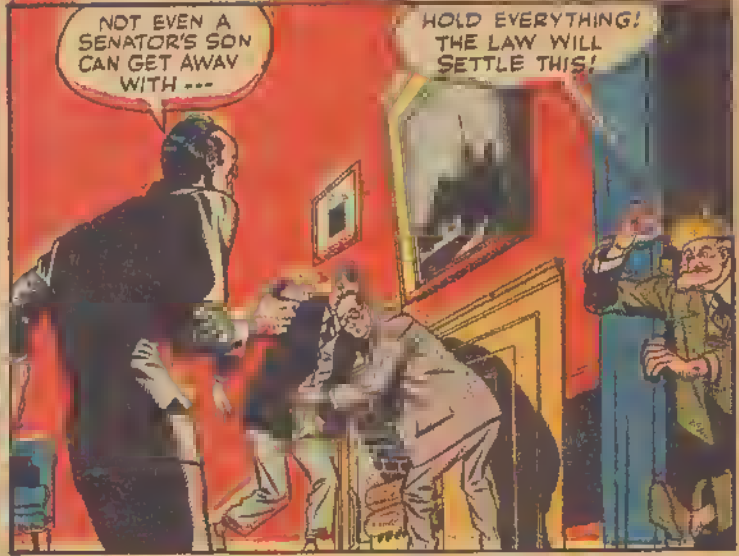




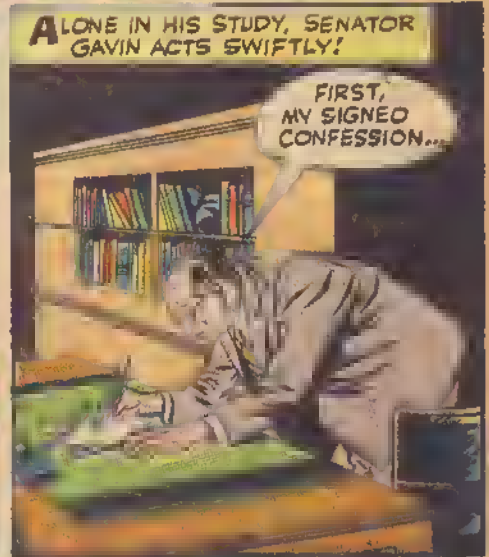
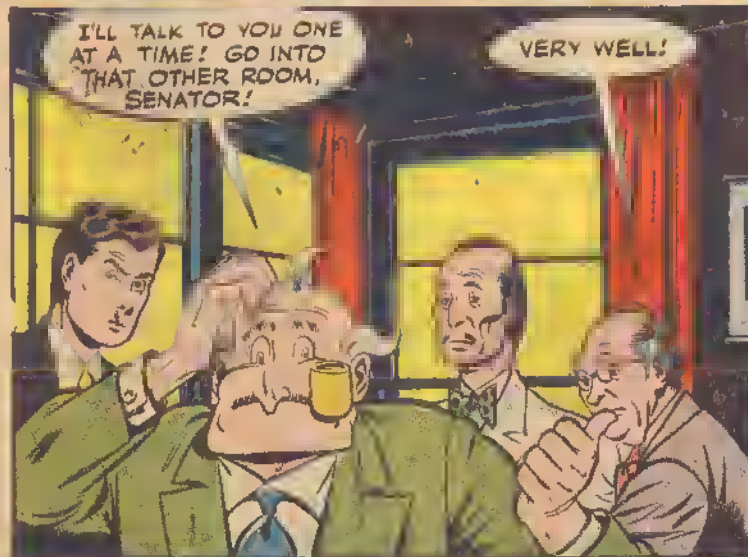
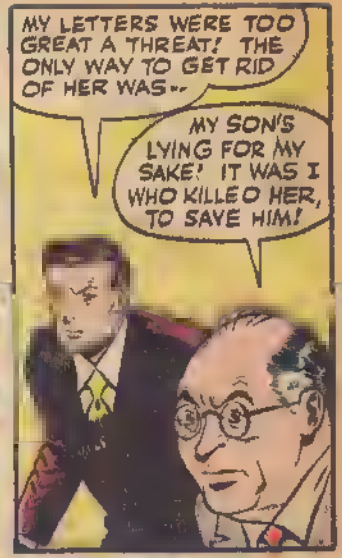




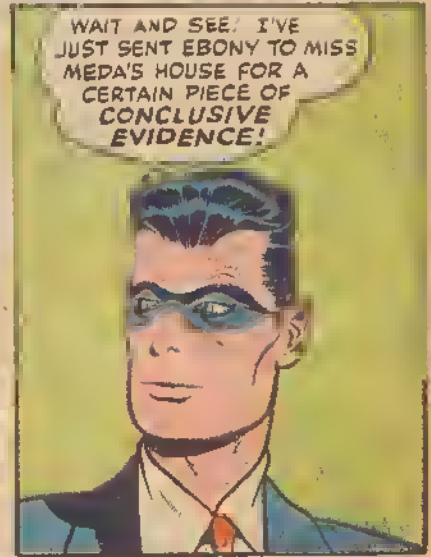
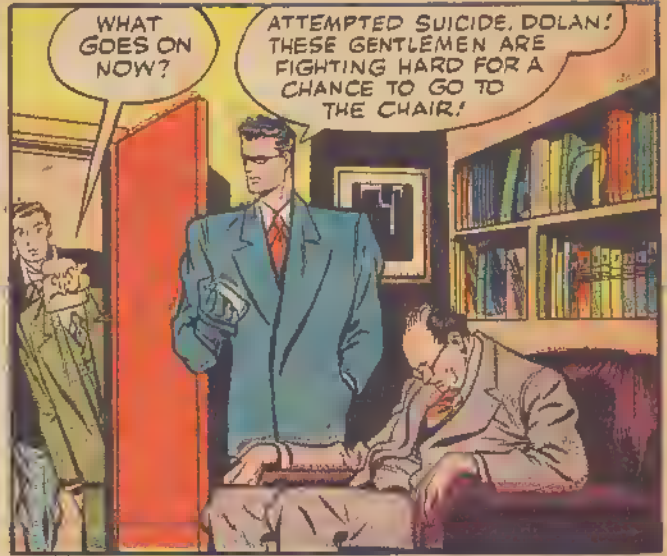
POLICE COMICS













I THOUGHT SO! -- OKAY,  
SILKIE, THE JIG IS UP!  
YOU CAN'T EXPECT TO  
BEAT THE GAME  
FOREVER!



AFRAID THE REAL STORY  
WOULD GET OUT, EH?  
DOLAN, YOU REMEMBER  
SILKIE SANDERS!

WHAT! ? -- PARRY?...  
WELL, @#%&%, SILKIE,  
YOU BLACKMAILING  
RAT! AT LAST, WE'VE  
GOT OUR HANDS  
ON YOU!



IT'S ALL BECOMING PRETTY CLEAR! ... MECA WAS  
THE MOLL WHO WORKED THAT SWEET RACKET WITH  
YOU! AFTER SHE LURED AND COMPROMISED THE  
INNOCENT RICH BOYS, YOU'D MAKE AN  
APPEARANCE AS THE INDIGNANT HUSBAND!  
--AND, OF COURSE, THEY'D HAVE TO  
SETTLE!

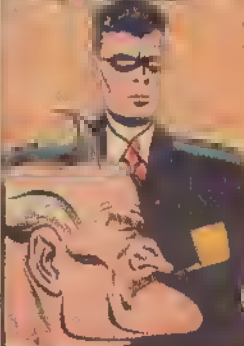
YOU DIRTY  
@X#%&%!  
GLUB--  
SPUTTER...

YOU CAN'T  
TALK THAT WAY  
TO MY PAL,  
THE SPIRIT!



THANKS, DOLAN! ... BUT THIS TIME,  
MECA WAS GIVING YOU THE RUN-  
AROUND, EH, SILKIE? SHE  
REALLY PLANNED TO MARRY  
BOB GAVIN, AND THAT  
WOULD HAVE LEFT  
YOU OUT IN THE  
COLO! SO, YOU...

NOTHIN'  
OF THE KIND!  
--I WAS HER  
BODYGUARD!



HUH-UH! ... NO DICE! IF  
YOU WERE THERE TO  
PROTECT HER, SHE  
WOULDN'T HAVE HAD TO  
CALL THE POLICE!  
THAT WAS THE  
TIP-OFF!



THEN THAT  
CLEARS THE  
SENATOR  
AND HIS  
SON!

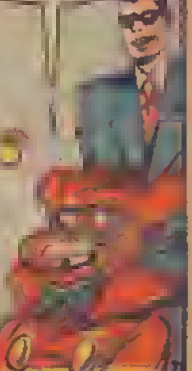
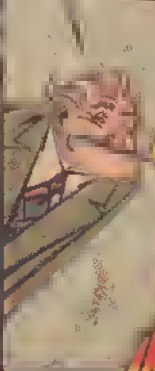


OBVIOUSLY! THEY WERE TOO  
ANXIOUS TO ADMIT GUILT FROM  
THE FIRST--PROTECTING EACH  
OTHER! AND IF MECA HAD  
BEEN KILLED FOR THE LETTERS,  
THEY WOULDN'T HAVE BEEN LEFT  
AS EVIDENCE TO DECEIVE  
THE POLICE!



WEREN'T YOU A LITTLE  
WORRIED, EBONY--BEING  
USED FOR BAIT?

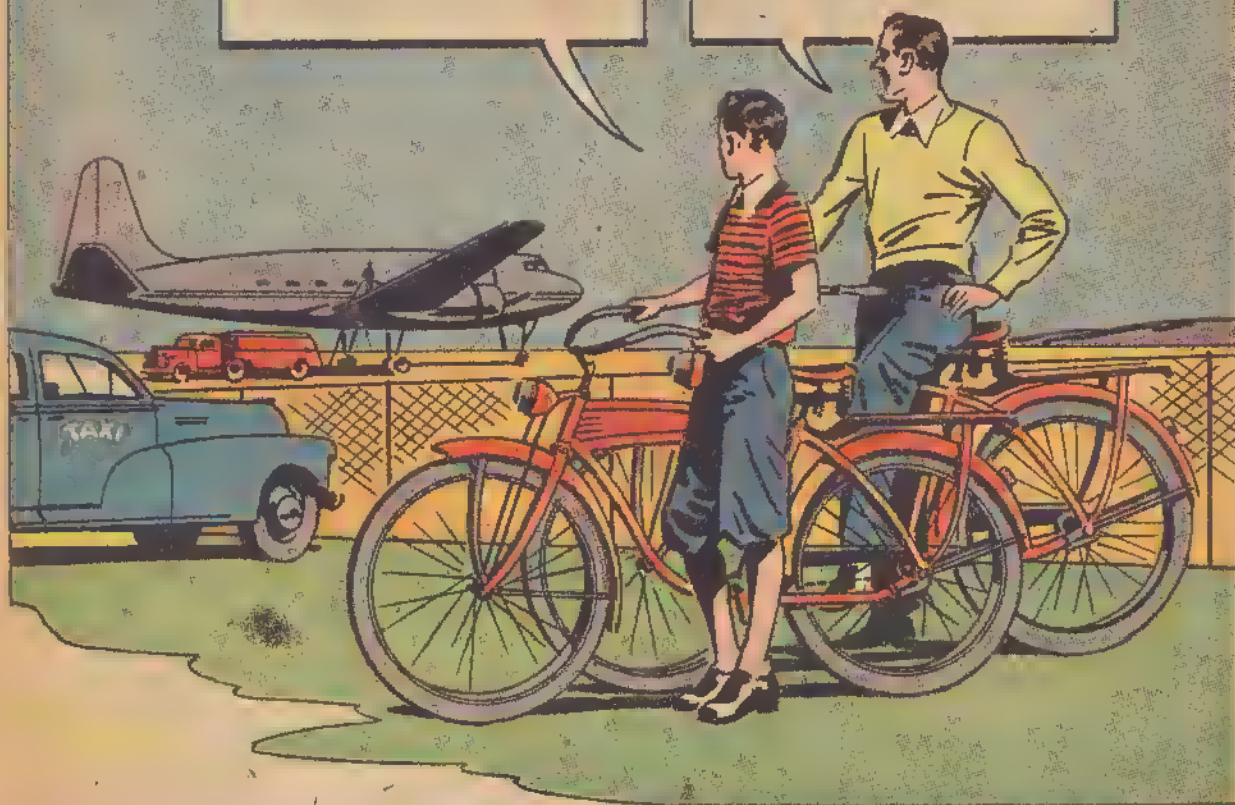
NOT ME! MAH MIST'  
SPIRIT WAS LOOKIN'  
AFTAH MAH  
INT'RESTS!





"Gash Dad, you mean  
Bendix Brakes  
are on all three!"

"Yes Son—Bendix builds  
brakes for all types of  
planes, cars and trucks!"



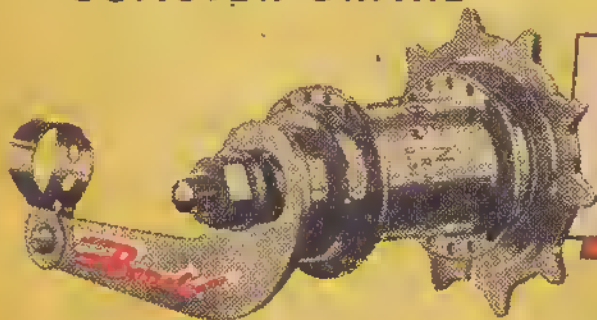
**GET THE NEW**

**Bendix**

**COASTER BRAKE!**

If you want the latest and finest coaster brake be sure that your new bike is equipped with a Bendix® Coaster Brake. It is made by one of America's leading brake manufacturers and has all kinds of new features. You'll find bicycle riding a lot more fun with a Bendix Coaster Brake. ®TRADEMARK

**IT COASTS LONGER • IT PEDALS EASIER,  
IT STOPS QUICKER**



**JUST LOOK AT THESE FEATURES**

- \* Easy to put together and take apart
- \* Longer Life \* Fewer Parts \* Easier to Pedal
- \* Stops Quicker \* Coasts Longer

ECLIPSE MACHINE DIVISION

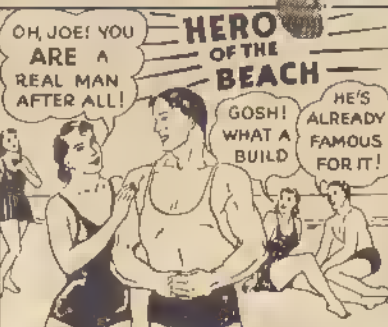
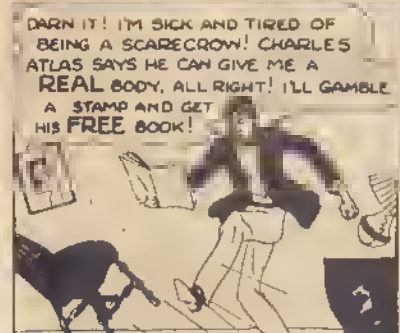
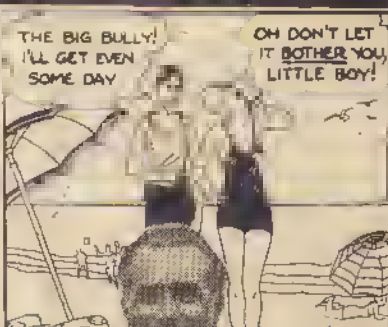
**Bendix**  
AVIATION CORPORATION

ELMIRA, NEW YORK



**HOW JOE'S BODY  
BROUGHT HIM**

**FAME INSTEAD  
OF SHAME**



## I Can Make YOU a New Man, Too, in Only 15 Minutes a Day!

If YOU, like Joe, have a body that others can "push around"—if you're ashamed to strip for sports or a swim—then give me just 15 minutes a day! I'll PROVE you can have a body you'll be proud of, packed with red-blooded vitality! "Dynamic Tension." That's the secret! That's how I changed myself from a spindly-shanked, scrawny weakling to winner of the title, "World's Most Perfectly Developed Man."

### "Dynamic Tension" Does It!

Using "Dynamic Tension" only 15 minutes a day, in the privacy of your own room, you quickly begin to put on muscle, increase your chest measurements, broaden your back, fill out your arms and legs. Before you know it, this easy,

NATURAL method will make you a finer specimen of REAL MANHOOD than you ever dreamed you could be! You'll be a New Man!

### FREE BOOK

Thousands of fellows have used my marvelous system. Read what they say—see how they looked before and after—in my book, "Everlasting Health and Strength."

Send NOW for this book—FREE. It tells all about "Dynamic Tension," shows you actual photos of men I've turned from puny weaklings into Atlas Champions. It tells how I can do the same for YOU. Don't put it off! Address me personally: Charles Atlas, Dept. 3308, 115 East 23rd St., New York 10, N.Y.



*Charles Atlas*

—actual photo of the man who holds the title, "The World's Most Perfectly Developed Man."

**CHARLES ATLAS, Dept. 3308**

115 East 23rd St., New York 10, N.Y.

I want the proof that your system of "Dynamic Tension" will help make a New Man of me—give me a healthy, husky body and big muscular development. Send me your free book, "Everlasting Health and Strength."

Name.....Age.....  
(Please print or write plainly)

Address.....

City.....Zone No. (if any).....State.....



# "U.S. ROYAL"

WITH HIS  
JET-PROPELLED BIKE



"OUTWITTING  
The KIDNAPPERS"



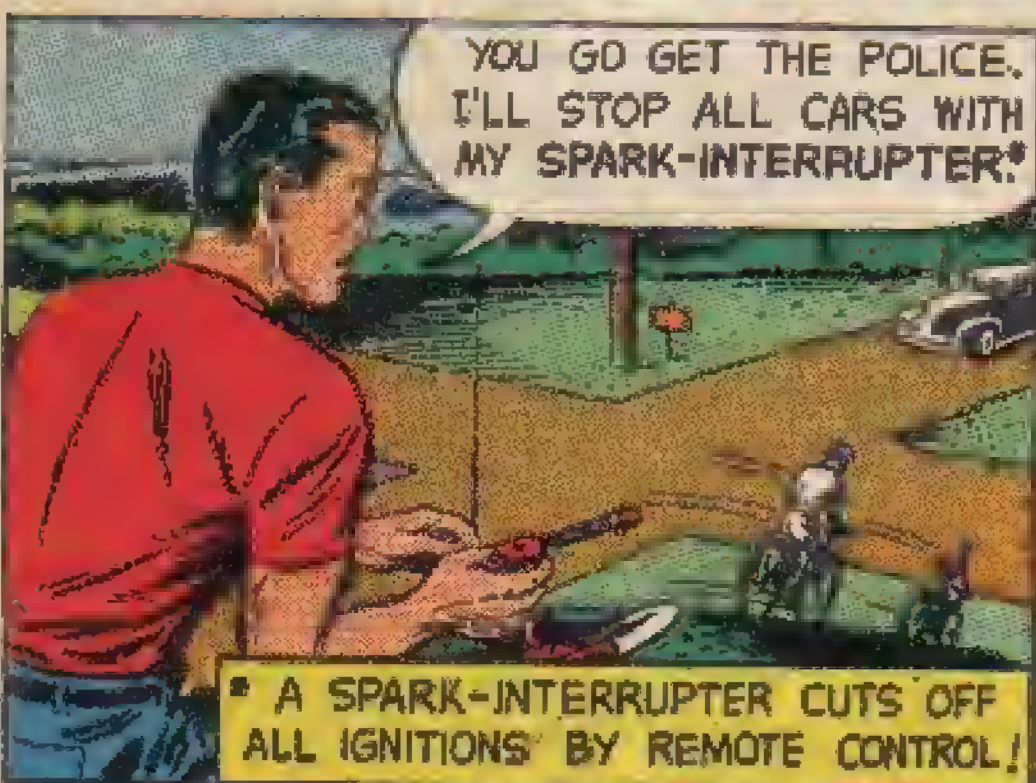
WHEN THEY FIND  
THAT RANSOM NOTE,  
I'LL BE SITTING  
PRETTY...

AS DEPUTY U.S. ROYAL AND THE BOYS OF THE ELM  
CITY BIKE CLUB HEAR POLICE RADIO FLASH...

...KIDNAPPERS  
LAST SEEN ON  
ROUTE 22  
DRIVING TOWARD  
SPARTA  
MOUNTAIN...

GOLLY...  
THEY'RE HEADING  
THIS WAY!

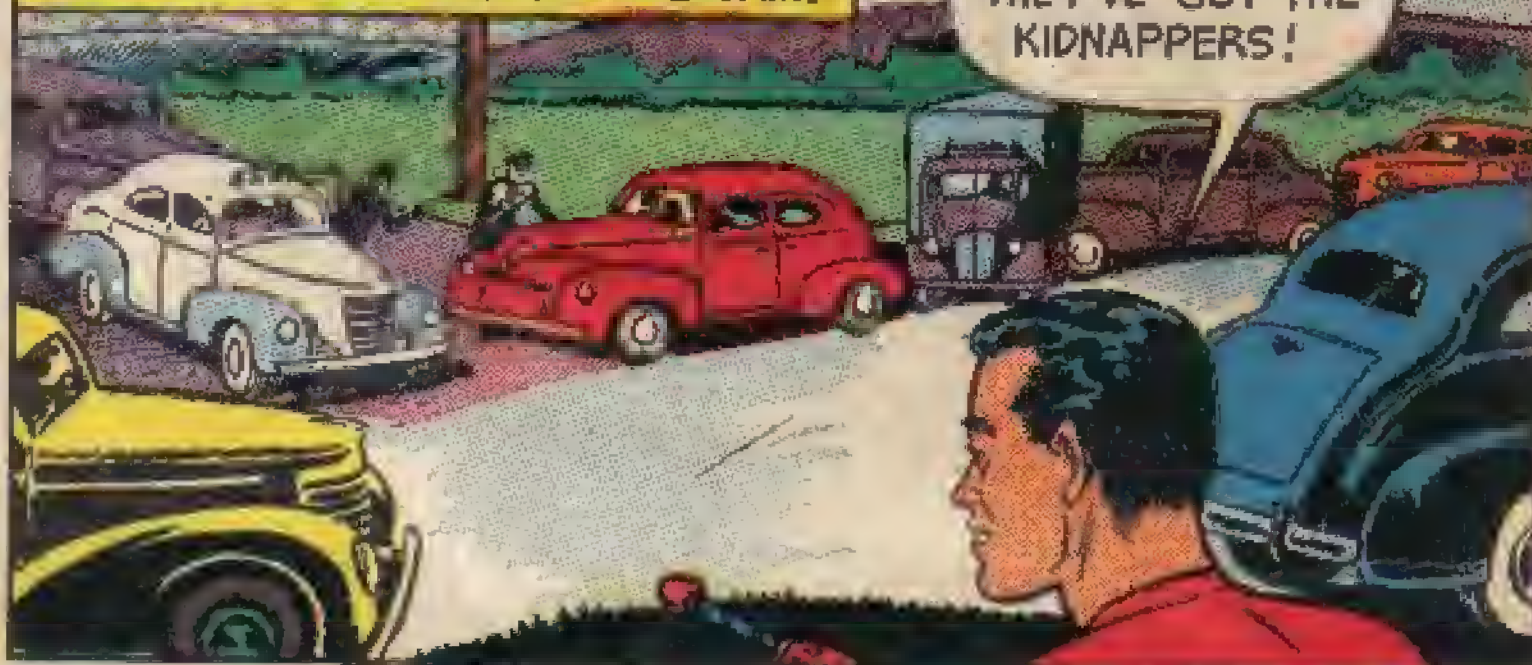
COME ON,  
FELLAS...WE'RE  
HEADING FOR  
THE CROSSROADS!



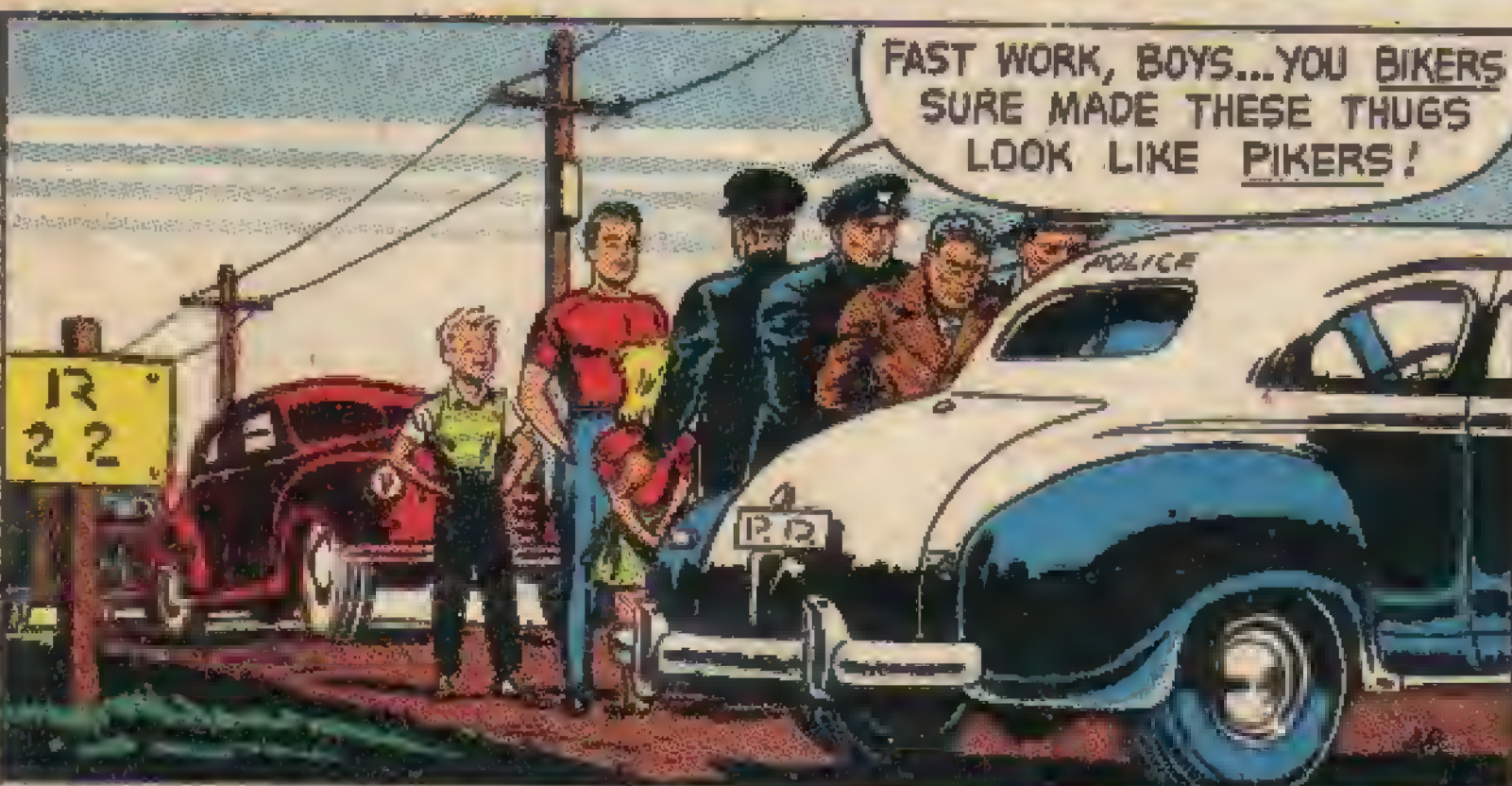
YOU GO GET THE POLICE.  
I'LL STOP ALL CARS WITH  
MY SPARK-INTERRUPTER.\*

\* A SPARK-INTERRUPTER CUTS OFF  
ALL IGNITIONS BY REMOTE CONTROL!

THE PLAN WORKS...THE KIDNAP-CAR  
IS TRAPPED IN A BIG TRAFFIC-JAM!



THE POLICE!  
THEY'VE GOT THE  
KIDNAPPERS!



FAST WORK, BOYS...YOU BIKERS  
SURE MADE THESE THUGS  
LOOK LIKE PIKERS!

FELLAS...THE BOYS OF THE BIKE CLUB  
AND I ARE MIGHTY PARTIAL TO U.S.  
ROYAL BIKE TIRES. THAT BUILT-IN  
SKID CHAIN GIVES US REAL  
CONTROL AT TOP SPEED!



NEXT ISSUE  
TRAPPING A  
BANDIT!

## U.S. BIKE TIRES

America's Fastest Selling Tires



UNITED STATES RUBBER COMPANY  
Serving Through Science



"I CAN STOP FASTER-EASIER-  
WITH THAT BUILT-IN SKID CHAIN"  
--- SAYS "U.S." ROYAL.

U.S. ROYAL BIKE TIRES ARE THE FAVORITE  
WITH MOST BOYS. THE REASON? THAT BUILT-IN  
SKID CHAIN GRIPS THE ROAD--IN ANY  
WEATHER--GIVES QUICKER, SURER STOPS.  
WHY NOT TRY U.S. ROYALS ON YOUR BIKE?